THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 76. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, December 19, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 25

TROUBLE OR LOSS.

BY A. K.

When we were married, my husband and I,
We married for love; we were very poor.
"Love flies from the window when Poverty
Comes stalking in at the door,"
So the people said. "It is folly. Take care;
You'd better not marry so soon—beware!"

We laughed at their warning, my husband and I,
We went to the minister and were wed;
As happy a couple as ever lived,
Though we were so poor. They said;
"Love never will make the kettle boil,
Nor fill it with meat, nor the lamp with oil."

We loved each other, my husband and I;
We were young and strong, and our hearts were light;
We looked at the future without a fear,
And worked in the present with all our might;
We made us a home, as we hoped for the best—
A wee little house like a brown bird's nest.

We were so happy, my husband and I,
The furniture he made all at night,
And I the carpets and curtains and spreads,
And our home was always neat and bright,
We planted roses and vines by the door,
And they wreathed the cottage o'er and o'er.

We had hard fortune, my husband and I,
A little one came and the crops were poor;
And very often that winter we saw
Grim Poverty stalking in at the door.
But Love never offered to fly away
From the home he made on our wedding day.

We never lost courage, my husband and I;
And fortune changed for us in the spring.
We have a good home and children and friends
Enough and to spare of everything.
And we know true love would not leave our home
No matter what trouble or loss may come.

THE KING'S RUBIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TERRIBLE PENALTY," "HIS DEAREST SIN," "MISS FORRESTER'S LAND STEWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONCLUDED.)

ESDAILE led the way to Teresa's rooms. He did not seem to notice whether the others followed. The door of his dressing room was unlocked but closed; the key was on the inner side as usual.

The window was closed and barred. Esdaile passed to the door opening on the gallery. It was locked.

"Who locked this door?" he inquired.

"I did, sir," answered Harris. "The room is just as I left it last evening."

Esdaile, without another word, turned to the safe. At first sight it appeared to be untouched. He bent down and examined the lock.

The door would not readily open, and seemed as if it had been jammed. At last however he managed to force it open.

"That's it," he said grimly, turning to the valet. "Harris are you fit to act? My poor fellow!"

Harris looked earnestly into his master's face and replied—

"Yes, sir; I'm fit for anything you want done. I won't fail."

"Thanks! I know that," said Esdaile. "Ride into the village, and telegraph to Scotland Yard for detectives; then send the constables up here. I'm going to drag the river. And send up Annie to me."

Harris hurried off. Esdaile was evidently master of himself. When Annie came, he questioned her without any need of prompting from Ted or Mabel.

When had she last seen her mistress? Did she wait on her last night? The girl said "No;" she had something to do for one of the ladies, and her mistress said she need not wait on her.

When she had gone to the bedroom that morning, as directed by Harris, she could not find anywhere the gown her mistress had worn at dinner; there were no wraps or out-door garments missing.

The maid being dismissed, Esdaile asked for an account of last night's proceedings, and, when that was given, inquired if any unusual noises had been heard. No one had heard a sound; there was not a suspicion in any one's mind of burglars.

They were all utterly shocked when Harris told them Teresa was missing. The house was being searched when Esdaile arrived, and the gardeners were searching the grounds. Even while Ted spoke the butler brought word that his mistress was not in the house.

"We've not taken much care of her," said Ted with compunction. "I don't know what you will say to us."

"You are not blaming yourself, surely?" returned Esdaile, knitting his brow in surprise. "It is no one's fault. Don't make things worse than they are!"—drawing a sharp breath. "Where are the others?" he inquired abruptly. "I will go to them—they must not stay—no one need. And the ball—there was a list somewhere. I must wire."

He had for the time utterly forgotten the rubies—did not care whether they were gone or not—never asked a word about them; he had not even looked to see if the jewels in the safe were intact. He would not let Mabel or Ted do anything that he could do himself.

"No, thanks. I must not," he said. "And you had better not stay; it will be a wretched house."

"We are going to stay," declared Mabel firmly; "and you must let us help you, Derek."

He only looked at her with a faint smile, not having the heart to gainsay her.

He went down-stairs among his guests, somehow stifling all expressions of sympathy. He stood with one hand upon a chair steadying himself as well as he could; but, when he spoke, his voice had lost its musical ring.

"There have been burglars in the house," he said; and a thrill passed through the guests. "I think my wife must have surprised them, and in some way they have removed her."

He paused; this was the first time any one had distinctly understood his conjectures. All felt that he wanted to combat the sinister construction hundreds would put upon his wife's mysterious disappearance—that he meant his own view to go forth to the world.

But only a murmur escaped the listeners, who all seemed to be spell-bound by Esdaile's terrible calmness.

When however he had made his explanation and had expressed his sorrow at being obliged to break up the party, one of the older men spoke a few simple words of sympathy, and said how glad all would be to help in any way.

"I am sure of that," replied Esdaile.

By the time every one was ready to go the gardens had been thoroughly searched, but in vain. In the meantime telegrams had been sent countermanding the invitations to the ball, and mounted grooms had taken messages to houses in the neighborhood.

Esdaile had himself found the list of guests in a desk of Teresa's, which stood just as she had left it; and he would not let Mabel touch it, though his heart seemed breaking and his brain reeling. Then Harris came and told him that the rubies were safe in the cellar, where they had been placed.

"The rubies?" his master said, puzzled.

"Yes, sir—the 'King's rubies.'"

Esdaile shuddered, but made no answer; and Harris retired. Then the village police came, and the river was dragged. While that measure was in progress, a footman came to his master and announced Mr. Stephen Hall.

"Show him in," said Esdaile.

Mr. Hall entered the room in a quiet business-like manner, and heard Esdaile's story. He had brought another detective with him, and both went to see the room upstairs, Hall going straight to the safe.

"Broken open," he said. "Are these all the jewels that were here, sir, or do you miss any?"

Esdaile, looking at the stones carefully, enumerated what were missing—a considerable portion. Then the two men went to the window—there was no sign of entry there; examination of the ground below, which was covered with shrubs, showed no disturbance of the mould.

In the bedroom and Teresa's dressing room there was also no appearance of any having entered surreptitiously. The men passed out into the corridor. There was a window at one end with a narrow sill.

"Is this fastened at night?" inquired Hall.

"Usually," replied Esdaile.

On inquiry being made, a maid servant said she had closed the window and fastened it.

"Then how is it the hasp isn't fastened now?" asked Hall.

The woman persisted that she had shut and hasped the window, and pointed out that the hasp was a new and strong one, and, if not caught very securely, flew back.

There would be no difficulty for any one to pass unnoticed from this window to the dressing room.

The locked door could have been unlocked by skeleton keys and relocked; or one of the burglars could have got out of the dressing room window with Teresa—who must in some way have been rendered insensible—and a confederate could have closed and barred it, and made his own exit by the corridor.

The second detective, who had been sent down to examine the garden beneath the window, came up at this juncture and reported that the grass of one of the lawns reached to the house wall, and, if any one had been over it last night, no signs had been left.

He also informed his chief that the village police said that, so far as known at present, no strangers had been seen in the neighborhood.

The servants were then sent for, though Esdaile explained that the valet had had the rubies in his charge, and the other servants had been in the house a long time and were perfectly trustworthy.

Hall discovered nothing pointing to complicity on the part of any of the household.

Harris, when questioned about his locking the dressing room door, said it was not usually locked; but he fastened it last night because his master was away.

The mystery of the case deepened. It seemed impossible that the mistress of the house could have been carried off without a cry for assistance being heard by any one.

Hall pondered silently, and Esdaile did not speak. Suddenly the detective said—

"Where are the rubies, sir? Are they safe?"

"Harris says so. Do you want to see them?"

"If you please, sir; and if you would come too——"

"Yes—I'll come," said Esdaile; he was not going to flinch from any ordeal.

He forced himself to look at those hateful jewels he had last seen in Teresa's hands, and turned away hurriedly after they had been locked up again.

"Yes—they are all right," he said almost sharply to the detective. "It isn't the jewels I care for; I didn't send for you to trace those." Then he added more gently, "I beg your pardon. Now tell me what you think."

"Well, sir," replied Hall, "it's early to form a theory—and there might be several."

"Two are in your own mind," said Esdaile quietly—"that my wife is in the plant and has taken these jewels herself; another is that there is a lover in this case. Don't work on those lines; you will be misled."

"You want the lady discovered, sir, or, if unhappily made away with——"

Esdaile could not suppress a cry of pain; his command of himself was sickening. Those words that put into shape his own vague fears were scarcely bearable.

"You are only doing your duty in putting all the points before me," he said to the detective; "and I see clearly the grounds you have for your views. It looks as if the theft had been accomplished from within the house. I only tell you, if you follow either of your theories, you will waste time. There is no lover, and the jewels were not taken by my wife. If she were capable of such a crime, she would not have forced the safe; she knew where the key was."

"You don't keep it about you, then, sir?"

"No; the last time I used it was yesterday——" He paused, with a sudden confused recollection which made him draw out his keys and look at them. Had he put the key of the safe in its usual place yesterday? The detective was watching him quietly.

"It just occurred to me that I had slipped it into my pocket without thinking," said Esdaile. "I was talking at the time. It isn't on this ring. Ah, here it is!"—and he drew a silent heavy breath.

Hall looked at the key, then handed it back.

"Of course," said Esdaile, "your idea is strengthened. You will say there was no choice but to break open the safe, and there must have been a man concerned. I maintain what I thought from the first."

"Yes sir; I should be glad to know your view."

"There have been burglars, attracted by those wretched rubies. She has in some way seen them; they have either carried her off or murdered her."

Esdaile completed the sentence without faltering. Hall did not answer immediately; he saw how Esdaile was suffering and the man was unwilling to try him more than was necessary; he wanted to give him time.

He thought it most likely that Teresa been murdered, supposing her to have been a victim and not an agent. Burglars do not usually carry a woman off, even if she can identify them; and experienced burglars, such as these evidently were, would trust to their own wits to evade capture without being burdened with a prisoner.

He was inclined to think that Esdaile was deceived and his faith misplaced. The detective had scarcely ever come across a case of successful burglary where there was no accomplices within the house.

Suspicious by training, he even won-

dered if Esdaile really trusted his wife as fully as he pretended to do, or whether he had put the key into his pocket purposely and removed the rubies out of her reach.

"Women have married a man for just such a chance before now," thought Mr. Hall. Then he said aloud, "Well sir, I'm not so sure about one part of your conjecture; but I'll do my best. I'll go out now, and make some inquiries round about with my man."

"Very well; and understand there is no limit to money," replied Esdaile.

He could not rest, could not wait for the results of the detective's labors. He went down to the river, which they were still dragging, and felt as if all would be a perfect blank when the business was over.

Presently there was considerable commotion among the knot of constables and helpers from the house and village, and Esdaile started forward.

"What is it?" he said hoarsely. "What have you found?"

Winn, who has been helping to direct the searchers, came forward from the group.

"The dinghey, sir," he said. "A man is bringing it up the river."

Esdaile went forward slowly, feeling half dazed. The dinghey was run in almost at his feet, and the man who had brought it explained that he had found it embedded in some reeds lower down the river. There was nothing in the boat but a pair of sculls and a boat-hook.

It seemed to Esdaile like a ghastly dream; the sense of unreality was growing more and more keen and painful—the group around him, the gathering darkness, the silent river with its endless flow, the familiar scene, the boat lying under the bank.

"Shall we try any more, sir?" asked Winn. "It's been no use, and it's getting dark. We'll make another effort to-morrow."

"Yes—to-morrow," said Esdaile mechanically. "Send the men up to the house."

"I'll see to that," said Lord Wyndham; and Esdaile turned away, giving up his place to Ted in a stupefied way, and walked back to the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE hall-door was open, and the light from within shone brightly upon the avenue of trees and the white steps. Esdaile, as he entered the house, felt his brain reeling; but he staggered through the hall into the dining-room beyond. Then everything seemed to collapse, and a black darkness came over all.

He had broken down at last. The hopeless search, the awful fear—no man could endure it longer. Mabel found him lying in a dead faint. She sent for Harris and kept every one else away, sitting on the floor and lifting Esdaile's head on to her knee.

"It's a pity we can't leave him unconscious, my lady," said Harris, gently forcing brandy between the clenched teeth. "I knew how it would end. He wouldn't touch a thing, not even the wine I brought him; and he would do everything himself. He'll never get over it if my young lady isn't found."

"Do you know what they are saying in the village?" inquired Mabel.

"Yes, my lady; and I know what Mr. Hall thinks," said Harris indignantly. "It isn't true—I'd swear to that!"

"Poor child! Heaven help her!" murmured Mabel brokenly. "Let him alone, Harris—he's coming to."

Esdaile recovered her unconsciousness very slowly; and while he lay there, with closed eyes and clenched teeth, enduring his agony, a passionate longing came over him to get away to those rooms up-stairs—to be alone.

"Mabel," he whispered, "I can't stay here."

"Lie still a little longer," she said tenderly; "you are over-done. Harris shall bring you some food and wine."

But Esdaile was inexorable, though in the gentlest way. That insatiable desire of his was stronger than all else, and conquered.

He got up with Harris' help, but went out of the room by himself, and up-stairs to Teresa's apartment. The tension gave way there, and he sank down in a paroxysm of anguish.

If he had never left her! Perhaps she was at this very moment calling wildly for him, suffering the most horrible torture. Madly he cried to her to come back to him, appealed to Heaven to have mercy and to spare her.

Presently he went downstairs, apparently quite calm, speaking in very low tones, took food and wine, and looked after Ted and Mabel, going to the room prepared for him when they parted for the night.

Mabel understand—there was so much to be done, and he must get strength to do it. This was the night they had all looked forward to—when the whole house was to be ablaze with light, and filled with music and happy voices.

This was the night when the girl bride was to have stood before her husband while he clasped on her throat and arms those splendid jewels that could scarcely heighten her beauty.

She would have been smiling, half seeking his admiration, half shy under it; and he would have kissed her soft lips. Instead of all this, he lay here, scarcely conscious of what was passing around him.

In the neighborhood many ugly rumors were afloat, but the people who discussed them were nevertheless careful to leave cards and to make inquiries at the Manor.

There were many, of course, who were full of pity for Esdaile and the unhappy girl who had been dragged from her home so cruelly; but the newspapers disseminated, as far as they dared, all the rumors of the gossips and the theories of the police, and they filled columns with details concerning the "extraordinary disappearance."

A large reward was offered for any tidings of Teresa Esdaile, living or dead. The detectives at Leigh's Hollow spent days in trying to trace the course of the supposed burglars; while Hall went up to town and haunted the resorts of criminals and thieves.

This was in obedience to his employer's orders, for Hall himself still believed in his theory that Teresa was an accomplice. He could not however understand the reward being so completely ignored: honor amongst thieves he knew was a fiction, and so large a sum of money must draw information if the girl were in confinement.

If she were not an accomplice she must have been murdered, though there was no trace of her body having been disposed of. Hall's thoughts had from the first naturally turned to the gang called amongst the police the "Invincibles."

That gang did their work in a peculiarly skilful and daring style; but, since the capture of Varcoe, the boldest spirit among them, they had worked on a different system, utterly puzzling to the police, but not on the lines of the Leigh's Hollow affair.

After the break-up to the Kennington rendezvous the "Invincibles" seemed to work more secretly than ever, and the police were inclined to believe that the band had been scattered.

A fact which might lead to a clue was discovered a few days before Esdaile left the country for London. A man had bought, in a village some miles off, a light covered cart such as market gardeners use.

This possible clue was followed up, for Hall had decided that some convenience was probably used by the burglars.

It turned out however that the man in question was respectable in appearance, and came from another part of the country, and, moreover, there was no evidence of any horse having been bought. This clue had to be dropped as of no use at present.

So, heart-sick but indomitable, Esdaile left Leigh's Hollow; he could be of no use there, and he could not endure the place—every spot was haunted by memories of his wife, and the gossip and scandal were intolerable. He carried the rubies with him and sent them again to his bank.

He took rooms away from his old quarters, in a street near Portman square, Harris accompanying him. The Wyndhams had gone to visit Mabel's mother, and would be in town shortly.

Esdaile had already received a letter from Blanche Gifford, who appeared to be so genuinely distressed, so anxious to know whether the search was successful, that he was touched with remorse at the thought of his former hard opinion of her.

Teresa was right, after all; she always was wiser and better than he, and the woman had good in her—at least, she was fond of his lost treasure. And experiencing that softening that comes to some natures with deep trouble, he wrote back gratefully, promising to let Mrs. Gifford know directly any tidings should be heard of Teresa.

Derek's letter contained few details as to the measures that he had taken to obtain tidings of his wife; for he was averse from taking any one into his confidence in matters of this kind. He declined seeing her, although she pressed him to call should he be in town.

"I am seeing no one," he wrote; "and when I get to town my time will be fully occupied."

How could he talk to a living soul—above all to her—concerning this awful calamity that had fallen upon him? He could scarcely dwell upon it even in thought, lest he should go mad.

The first person he saw after his arrival in town was Stephen Hall, who, when he entered the room, was for a few moments too shocked to speak.

There was a terrible change in Esdaile; he looked like a man who had been face to face with death, and had passed through a martyrdom of pain. He showed no want of energy; but, though it was of a less fiery character than hitherto, it had gained in steadiness and force.

Hall had no success to report. He himself was of course not surprised, as he considered the theories upon which he was working were wrong. Esdaile also showed no disappointment; he listened without any sign of feeling, then said—

"I am puzzled at that reward drawing nothing. We must think of some other way—we are losing time; and you see you are known to most of these men whom we want to find out."

"Yes, sir—that is a difficulty we spoke of before I left Leigh's Hollow. There are some men, too, I want to lay hold of who might possibly have been concerned; but I can't find one of them. There was a fellow amongst them who might let on. I tell you what, sir—I was going to one of their cribs to-night; then, when I got your letter saying you were coming up, I thought I'd see first if you thought it any use going on this tack."

"You don't, I know. Yes—it is of use, in default of any better plan. I had an idea of coming with you sometimes—oh, not dressed like this!"—seeing Hall glance dubiously at him. "Not in my own character, of course."

"Quite so, sir; but they'll know you are a gentleman."

"I suppose so; but I shouldn't be the first gentleman who wanted to see life in its lowest phases. We'll let that be understood," said Esdaile, with a smile that made the pain in his face more marked. "I don't know that I can do much; but I should perhaps be some use, and I can't leave a stone unturned. Can I go with you to-night?"

"Yes, sir. You know they are dangerous places. Have some weapon about you. The place I'm going to is up by Gray's Inn—the nicest hole you can imagine. You meet at 11.30 in Brunswick Square, and disguise yourself as well as you can. By-the-bye, I'll ask you for some money while I'm here."

After settling some details, Hall left. Esdaile then paced the room restlessly till it was time to get ready. To act was some relief; and he might discover some clue where even the detective would fail.

CHAPTER XVII.

A POLICEMAN stood on the steps of Bow-Street police-station serenely contemplating the people who paused to read the notice affixed to the railings, with the word "Reward" in huge startling letters at the top.

One man stood looking at the poster for some minutes with an expression on his haggard face that was quite beyond the understanding of the policeman on duty, who was nevertheless attracted by it. The man suddenly raised his dark eyes and stared insolently at his natural enemy; but it was not the insolence of fear.

"I should think you knew me by the way you've been spotting me!" he said hoarsely.

"Maybe I do," replied the policeman coolly. "That's a big reward, ain't it?"

"It ought to have fetched out something," said Varcoe. "The girl likes some other chap better, I guess"—and he walked away, with his hands in his almost empty pockets and less erect than before.

"The girl's husband must be a fool to think of burglars! As if they wouldn't have poached on each other the minute that bill was out!" he said to himself. "She's gone off, of course."

He had read about the affair in the newspapers; it had attracted his attention because the name of the place—Leigh's Hollow—was familiar to him. Since the last time he had been there Varcoe had been going downhill, and the thought of Alice Winn only made him savagely glad that a rich man should suffer as well as a poor one.

He was losing all sense of shame, feeling that he had a right to take, if he could, from men who had more than they ought to have. The way in which he pushed through the crowds in the street was an index to his recklessness and disregard of every one else's rights.

He walked on as if he were the sole foot-passenger—pushed people aside, broke through groups, and launched an imprecation at a man who accidentally stumbled against him. In this way it did not take him long to reach Gray's Inn.

The court Varcoe entered looked about as ugly and dangerous a place as any capital could show. The inevitable public-house stood at one corner, reeking with the smell of beer and spirits. It was nearly half-past eleven at night, but a ragged child, almost a baby, sat on the doorstep. Varcoe almost fell over the waif as he strode through the swing-doors.

The bar was full of people—hang-dog-looking men, dissolute women with ragged shawls over their dirty cotton gowns.

Varcoe even now looked somewhat out of place in this assemblage. He nodded to some of the men in an off-hand way, cracked a joke with some of the women, and went to the bar and called for some whiskey.

He stood there drinking and looking about him with a half-downcast, half-aggressive air. He was unsociable of late; when the landlord spoke to him, he answered curtly, and sometimes not at all. Suddenly however his attention was fixed upon two men who came into the bar.

They differed widely from the rest of this motley crowd of criminals and their hangers-on, especially the taller of the two.

The rough overcoat did not deceive Varcoe, though he could not see the man's face, it being almost hidden by his turned-up coat collar and felt hat.

He decided that the man was either a detective pretending to be a gentleman, or a real gentleman come here for a "lark."

The other man, though dressed in a shabby semi-clerical style, Varcoe was suspicious of, but could not recognize. Indeed Hall was excellently disguised in the style of the visitors to common lodging houses and thieves' kitchens.

In this character it would not do for him to order a drink for himself; so with a quiet chuckle, he asked the landlord to bring some soda-water, and a brandy and soda for his friend. The two sat down, their every movement watched by many pairs of eyes.

Eager as Esdaile had been to take part in the search, this first experience was a shock to him. For a few moments he kept up the necessary conversation with his companion in a mechanical way.

"We mustn't stay long," said Hall under his breath, but not appearing to wish to conceal what he was saying.

Esdaile nodded, looking about him and listening to the talk, watchful of everything and every one. Varcoe, leaning against the bar, was not likely to escape him, and he started as he caught sight of the man.

"Do you see the man with dark eyes close to the bar?" he said, turning to Hall. "He's leaning on it; he's staring at us this minute."

Hall turned his eyes quickly in the direction indicated.

"That's one of them," he muttered—"and a precious dare-devil too! He was a better sort once, poor beggar!" he added, sipping his soda water.

Varcoe had moved, and Esdaile watched him, as if the man had a strange fascination for him.

"I want that man," he said to Hall in a whisper.

"Come outside," replied the detective.

As they went out, the men and women turned to look at them, and uttered their remarks in audible tones. Varcoe watched the two strangers until the door closed behind them. There was a scowl on his face, but he laughed when one of the women said—

"What are they doing here? Ain't the tall one a swell? T'other ain't a missionary—is he. 'Tecs—eh?"

"Maybe," replied Varcoe; "and they haven't spotted their birds."

Outside, in the dark dirty street, Esdaile drew a long breath; even here the air was fresh compared with the place they had left.

"No, sir," said Hall, "don't stop here long—it's an ugly place. What do you want with Varcoe?"

"He can help me," answered Esdaile.

Hall looked at the young man steadily.

"Well, that's a staggerer!" he exclaimed. "Excuse me, sir—what in the world made you think of that?"

"I saw him once—months ago, and he's the man I want," said Esdaile, speaking hurriedly, as if he were trying to repress excitement. "I must wait for him here till he comes out; he mustn't be seen with me."

"Do you know what he is, sir? He has been a desperate burglar. He's not so very long out of prison. He's going the same way again. I'm afraid he once belonged to that very gang I told you of—the 'Invincibles.'"

"Poor beggar!" muttered Esdaile.

"Yes—I'm very sorry for him, sir. He's come down; and I've known him do some odd things for a hardened fellow like that. But do think, sir——"

"I have thought—at least——" No—Hall would not understand that this was not thought, but inspiration. "You're a good fellow, Hall, but I know something of this man. When I saw him, I promised to be silent, so I can't tell you. I know he'll be faithful; I am sure I can trust him. No one can help me as he can."

Hall shook his head. There was no doubt Varcoe could help if he chose; but who could trust him? It was no use however opposing Esdaile, so he was silent, and the two men watched from a vantage-point, where they were half hidden, but which commanded a full view of the public house.

Possibly, Esdaile thought, Varcoe would not be sober when he did come out; he had not failed to notice that the man had sunk lower since he last saw him; but then the poor beggar was so miserable, and he looked half starved. And there was Alice breaking his heart.

A policeman passed by—it was getting late, and he pushed back the public house door and looked in. Somebody brushed past him and turned towards Gray's Inn Lane.

"Our man!" Esdaile whispered, and passed swiftly from his place of concealment, the detective following.

Varcoe did not once look back, and had no idea that he was being followed. But he turned round sharply as he heard a footstep at his side—the tall man in the rough overcoat, and behind him the missionary.

"What the——" began Varcoe savagely.

"Hush! You don't remember me—do you? I remember you," said Esdaile softly.

Varcoe stepped back; the fierceness in his eyes died out as he looked at Esdaile with a curious mixture of shame and earnestness.

"Yes—I remember you, sir," he said unsteadily, passing his hand over his eyes and turning aside.

Esdaile put his hand within the man's arm.

"Come home with me," he said gently; "You can do something for me if you will."

"I can, sir—I?" He did not offer any resistance; but, before Esdaile could speak again, he went on—"Do you know what I am sir? If that man with you is a 'tec, he knows—you ask him. There isn't anything I can do for you—you're a gentleman——"

"And I ask your help. Heaven knows I stand in need of it! I know what you are—that is why you can help me," said Esdaile earnestly. "Wait a minute!" He stepped back to Hall, and Varcoe stood still, as if he were dazed.

"I'll see you to-morrow," said Esdaile to the detective, "and let you know how this goes. You need have no fear."

"You know what you're about, sir," said Hall, smiling. "You seem to manage the fellow. Good night!"

The detective went off towards Holborn, and Esdaile rejoined Varcoe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was past one o'clock in the morning when Esdaile let himself into the house with a latchkey. Varcoe shut the door, and, when the dining-room was reached, stood back in an expectant attitude.

"Come and sit down," said Esdaile gently. He pulled a chair forward; but Varcoe would not sit down until Derek was seated.

"When did you last eat anything?" inquired Esdaile, with his hand on the bell.

"A good while ago, sir," Varcoe replied, glancing furtively round the room, a well-furnished soft-carpted apartment, yet he did not seem ill-at-ease in it.

Esdaile sighed. The man looked more haggard and dissipated than when he last saw him, unkempt too, and rough enough to have repelled most people: but Esdaile was superior to all such minor sensations to-night. Harris appeared, and glanced at Varcoe with an expression of surprise that was quite unusual in the well-trained valet.

"I haven't had anything, Harris," said his master. "Do you think you can manage some coffee? And bring up anything you can find to eat."

Harris, assenting, helped to remove the overcoat which had served to disguise Esdaile, and retired.

Varcoe, more and more puzzled, sat down at Esdaile's reiterated request.

"So your name is 'Varcoe'?" said Esdaile, after some minutes' silence. "Is that your real name?"

"Yes, sir—Frank Varcoe."

"Well, I kept my promise."

The man looked up eagerly.

"And I kept mine, sir!" he said, with subdued earnestness.

"I'm glad of that. How have you been getting on since? Not very well?"

The kind tone and its evident sincerity touched a soft spot in Varcoe's heart; but he replied somewhat jauntily—

"I suppose you wouldn't call it well, sir. It don't matter for me. You say you know what I am. Well, you can't expect much."

"Here comes the supper," said Esdaile quietly. "Suppose we have some."

Varcoe stared blankly. The matter-of-fact answer subdued him again—he could not understand Esdaile. The supper which the valet now placed upon the table was such as Varcoe had not seen for years, simple though it was—some cold fowl and ham, cut up and nicely arranged, an untouched jelly, the whitest of bread, and hot coffee, the fragrance of which filled the room.

The coffee was the only drawback; the craving for drink was upon Varcoe, and he had not half satisfied it. But the warmth was welcome and the delicate food exceedingly palatable, and he made amends for Esdaile's lack of appetite.

Harris was told he need not wait or sit up, and he left the room, wondering what in the world his master was about, bringing home a fellow like that, and even sitting at the same table with him. Something to do with the poor young mistress, of course! Why, the man looked as if he might have carried her off himself!

Esdaile made his strange guest eat, noting the while that his manners were not uncouth. Varcoe ventured to say presently—

"You don't eat yourself, sir."

"I've not fasted as you have," replied Esdaile. "Are you sure you've had enough? Finish the coffee, and have a cigar."

Varcoe took the proffered cigar, but he did not light it. Not that he did not appreciate a cigar, but he was too much astonished. He sat in silent amazement, looking at his host's handsome grave face. Presently Esdaile, rousing himself suddenly, met the man's glance, which was instantly withdrawn.

"I've puzzled you," he said. "I will explain what I meant when I said that, because you are what you are, you could help me. You've heard of the robbery at my place—Leigh's Hollow?"

"Your place, sir?" exclaimed Varcoe, not able to repress his eagerness. "Then you're Mr. Derek Esdaile?"

"Yes."

"I heard of it, sir. I never thought it was you. I wish—I do wish it wasn't! That isn't the young lady you talked of that night, sir—don't you remember?—when you said there wasn't much difference between you and me in a manner of speaking, of course, sir?"

"Yes—the same," said Esdaile; "and I don't know at this minute whether she is living or dead. If you can help me, Varcoe, will you? You shall not lose that reward——"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Varcoe, starting up, "don't talk like that! Reward! I'd do anything in the world for you without so much as a drop of drink for it! I would! I saw that bill to-day, sir, before I went to the 'Chequers'—where you and 'tec came in, you know. I didn't know the young lady belonged to you. I wouldn't have thought what I did if I'd known, sir"—turning the cigar over and over in his fingers, and stammering and averting his face from Esdaile. "I'm very sorry I had the thought at all; but then I didn't know."

"My poor fellow, you needn't blame yourself," said Esdaile very gently. "I don't know how to thank you for your readiness to serve me. I never thought for a moment you would do so for the reward only. I shouldn't have asked your help if I had; it wouldn't have been what I wanted. But the reward is offered to whoever gets the information I seek—you—some other man——"

"No, no, sir—not me!" interposed Varcoe brokenly. "I'll do all I can for you. I'd rather anything had happened to me myself than for you to have lost the young lady."

"But, Varcoe," said Esdaile, biting his lip to steady himself, "why are you so eager to do something for me? It's little enough you'd let me do for you."

"Oh, it isn't that, sir!"—his voice was tremulous now. "I haven't done all you'd have liked. I've been going to the dogs, as I told you I should. But I've never forgotten—not really forgotten. And I did try, just because you were so kind. And I was mad that night, sir. You don't know what it was like to have you speak so soft, as if I was the same as you, in a way. Just as if you really cared, though I wasn't your sort—you a gentleman, and me a thief that had come out of prison!"

"I always knew I could trust you," said Esdaile. "I didn't know you were so grateful for so little." He shaded his face with his hand, and his voice faltered. "I was so sorry for you then. I was so happy, and you—so happy! Now we are quits, Varcoe."

"You said you trusted me, sir, always," said Varcoe, after a long silence. "I don't know how that can be, seeing all you've heard of me. I've gone back to drinking sir"—he turned aside in shame—"and I haven't kept honest neither."

"You tried to, Varcoe?"

"Yes, sir—I tried; but those 'tecs kind of dodged me. I suppose they're bound to. Anyhow, I couldn't get work, though I know a lot about horses and that sort of thing. And then I gave up—'twasn't any use. I hadn't anything to eat, sir."

"Was that why you gave up—because you were starving? I wish I had known. But why are you telling me all this, Varcoe?"

"Why, sir, you spoke about my helping you, and you might have an idea that I'd gone on pretty straight, so as you could trust me. And I took some money one night"—with a half-laugh. "Not much, on my life, sir; but I was starving that night!"

"I wish I could have known!" exclaimed Esdaile, with a bitter sigh. He felt more strongly than ever that the man was worthy of trust.

"You won't play me false," he added, with a smile as sweet as a woman's.

"No, Sir—that I won't!" Varcoe blurted out. "You tell me all you want, and I'll try and do it, if I die for it! I wouldn't touch a penny of yours, sir. No—not those rubles, even if you left them scattered about!"

"Then, Varcoe," said Esdaile earnestly, "if you hold all that is mine as sacred, you must hold my wish as sacred; and, while you are my helper, you must touch nothing of any one else's—and you must not drink."

"I won't take anything of any one's, sir, if you bid me," replied Varcoe; "and I don't want to drink either—but I can't promise there. I shouldn't keep it; I must have it!"

"Then you won't do for me," declared Esdaile, not shocked or offended. "I intend to pay you weekly enough on which to live decently and honestly; but not a penny of mine shall go in drink or help any man—least of all you—to ruin himself body and soul."

"Least of all me!" Varcoe echoed. "Why do you say that, sir?"

"Because I like you—because you're too good to go to wreck in that way—you were made for better things; because I like and pity that poor girl who loves you, and I won't add even a grain of sand to the load she bears for you."

Varcoe's head drooped.

"But, if I promised," he whispered—"if I failed, sir, what would you do? I'd try, sir, only—only——"

"Come, Varcoe—for Heaven's sake, pluck up and begin again!" Esdaile got up and laid his hand tenderly upon the man's shoulder. "I want your help sorely, and I'll help you. This should be a turning point in your life; there never was wrong so deep that it couldn't be wiped out. Promise me you won't fail—you will keep your word! You must!"

There was a pause; then Varcoe whispered—

"I'll promise, sir; I'd like you to be happy, if no one else can be."

Esdaile went back to his chair, sitting there in silence, feeling somewhat unnerved; and Varcoe, for the sake of doing something, picked up his cigar and lighted it. But it went out directly Esdaile began to speak.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

FEATHERED VENTRILOQUISTS. — Ornithologists assert that some birds, especially sparrows, thrushes, and robins, have ventriloquial powers. Birds, when surprised in singing, will be silent for a moment, and then give forth a faint song that seems to come from a distance, though the singer may be actually not farther than ten feet away.

THE RATTLESNAKE.—The rattlesnake, though one of the most deadly of snakes, is by no means the most unamiable of them, for it never makes an unprovoked attack and never pursues a retreating enemy. Its lack of active malice is largely counteracted by its criminal laziness, for it declines to move out of the path of the wayfarer; and, when he treads upon it, the unwitting and unwilling discourtesy is regarded as an offence meriting instant capital punishment.

THE ENVELOPE.—Before the introduction of the Penny Postal System by Sir Rowland Hill in 1840, the envelope, as now commonly understood, was but little used, the chief reason for this being that a double charge was made for a paper enclosed in another, however thin each might be; even the smallest cutting from a newspaper was sufficient to entail an extra fee; and fees were fees in those days! Consequently, after this rule was strictly enforced, only franked letters were enveloped, although it had once been considered a mark of more respect to use an envelope, and a point of etiquette in writing to a superior.

OF RINGS.—Middle ages it was not only generally believed that rings could be charmed by the power of the magician, but that the engraved stones on ancient rings which were found on old sites possessed supernatural properties, the good or evil influences of which would be imparted to the wearer.

Rings made of the bones of an ostrich were deemed of rare value; those of hoof inclosed in gold a remedy for epilepsy.

A piece of silver collected at the communion and made into a ring is still supposed to be a cure for convulsions and fits of every kind; if collected on Easter Sunday its efficacy is greatly increased.

LITTLE THINGS.—The infinite value of little things in their bearings upon life in this world has a most striking illustration in the history of the gypsy moth, which pest the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is now imploring Congress to help it get rid of. A Harvard professor who entertained a vain hope of advantageously crossing the European moth with the American silkworm allowed his one solitary imported caterpillar to escape. The result is, that, to-day, an insect destroys the trees within three hundred and fifty square miles of territory and threatens the whole country, and thousands of pounds are expended all to no use.

TRY IT YOURSELF.—A very curious fact is the impossibility of moving your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face; yet, if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eye while watching it, you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth of an inch. Of course, if you look at the reflection of the nose, or any other part of the face, your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavor to perceive the motion the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression as seen by himself in a glass is quite different from what it is when seen by others.

MISTAKES.—The mistakes that occur in newspapers are frequently amusing. Here are several to be added to those which were recently quoted in this page. A celebrated singer was thrown out of his carriage whilst driving, and a morning paper, after describing the accident, added, "We are happy to say that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces." This advertisement from a North London paper is a delightful misprint. "Wanted a respectable girl, age eighty-five, to take care of one baby." And this mixture of a report of the presentation to a minister, and of the chase of a mad dog, caused much amusement at the time of its appearance—"So the congregation presented their beloved pastor with a well-filled purse, who, after thanking them, made a turn down South Main Street as far as Planet, then up Planet to Benefit Street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a tin pan to his tail. Again he went up Benefit Street and down College, at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman."

FROM THE LAND.

BY M. A. M.

As one that near the Gate of Hercules
  Looks forth at night, and feels a warmer air
Breathe on the heaving darkness; and he sees
  White-flaming Sirius climb the Southern stair
After Orion and the Pleiades;
  And down the west sweet Venus, calm and fair—
A little moon; and warmer comes the breeze—
  Comes from the land—and knows the land is there,

So we, on a more restless ocean moored,
  In ship more frail, and in a darker night,
Afraid to trust the chart, the compass lost,
  And on the dim horizon never a light—
Yet in the darkness feel an air more bland,
  And now the wind is blowing from the Land.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEN, as if he remembered suddenly that he was not fit to speak to her—for, alas and alas! his brain was dizzy and his eyes hot with the wild life, the incessant dissipation—he groaned and waved his hand.

"Go on, Jess! I—I must go!"

And he moved as if to pass on; but she put out her trembling hand upon his arm.

"No—no!" she panted. "You—you must not go!"

And at her touch he stayed.

They stood quite silent for a moment or two, Bruce breathing heavily with the effort at self-control, Jess' bosom heaving under the shock of the sudden meeting.

She saw the change in him; it was worse than even Lady Marvelle's description had led her to imagine; saw it, and, instead of getting virtuously indignant, was filled with pity.

That is the way with women—when they love.

She felt as if, girl as she was, she could throw her arms round him and cry, "You shall go no farther on the road to ruin. I will save you!" though she had, at that moment, not the least notion of how she would set about his salvation.

As for Bruce, shame, remorse, and the pangs of unsatisfied love, tore at him equally, as he looked at the lovely face which has grown so thin and ethereal since he had last seen it. He was the first to speak.

"You had better go on and pass me by, Jess," he said, hoarsely, bitterly, "I am not fit—Go, Jess! God—God bless you—good bye."

But her small hands grew tighter on his arm, tighter, but still tremulous.

"No!" she said, and her voice vibrated with a woman's determination born of love. "I—I want to speak to you, Lord Ra—Bruce. Where——?" She looked round.

He still hesitated. His manhood cried with no uncertain voice, "Let this innocent flower of womanhood go on her way, lest your look and touch—though love prompt them—defile it." But his resolution melted beneath the love and pity in her voice and eyes.

"Come into the Park," he said huskily.

They walked side by side, in silence, and entering the Park, made their way to one of the side walks.

Passers-by glanced at them curiously—at the pale, almost white face of the beautiful girl, and the haggard and worn one of the man; but Jess did not notice the curious glances; she was walking as in a dream. Joy, in his presence, agony at the change in him warred within her.

They came to a seat, and she sank into it. He stood for an instant, as if not worthy to sit in her presence, then sat down and stared in front of him.

He had had some champagne—a fairly large quantity, at the Warwick—had slept not at all and scarcely eaten, so that he felt confused and bewildered; in fact, his nerves when with Jess shook him, so to speak, from head to foot.

"Why did you stop me, Jess?" he asked, in a low voice. "Better let me go on my way. It's the devil's way, I know, and no road for you!"

And he laughed the short, bitter laugh of a cynicism born of his miserable condition.

"Hush!" she said, and the sweet, almost solemn whisper, as tremulous as the first note of the lark soaring at heaven's gate, went to his heart, and awed him. "Did you think that I should pass you as if—if we were strangers—and when you were ill and—and in trouble?"

He hung his head.

"If I am ill, it is my own fault," he said, "and as for my trouble, you can't help me, Jess."

"Why have you not gone to see Lady Marvelle?" she asked, evading the direct subject, thereby showing her womanly tact.

He shook his head.

"Why should I go to her?" he asked moodily.

"Because—because she loves you!" said Jess solemnly. "Her heart is aching at the thought that you have ceased to care for her, have neglected her."

"All the more reason that I should keep away from her—and from everyone who has an ounce of regard for me still left," he said. "You have seen her?"

"Yes," said Jess, "I have just left her. And all her talk was of you—of you of whom she is so fond. Ah! Bruce."

"And—she told you that—that I—I——" he faltered.

"Had been ill, were ill, very ill," she finished for him softly.

"She put it that way, did she?" he said grimly. "It was very good of her; she might have told you the truth."

"Perhaps I know it," came the almost inaudible response. "Ah! Bruce, how could you, how could you be so—so—wicked!"

The tears were in her voice, but he dared not look at her eyes. His heart burnt with shame and remorse.

"You don't understand," he said, between his teeth. "If you knew! No, I won't say a word in my defence. I am a bad lot, hopelessly bad, Look upon me as mad, stark, staring mad, Jess, and—let me go away."

"Not yet," she said, and her hand went out towards him, but stopped short of touching him. "Why are you so—so eager to leave me—Bruce?"

"Eager to leave you! You know what joy it is to me to sit beside you here, to have you near me, to hear your voice, even though I know all the while that I am not fit to do so, that, if I were not a cur and a selfish coward, I should get up and rid you of my presence."

"I do not wish you to go," she said gently. "I want to speak to you, Lord Ravenhurst. I want you to promise that—that when you leave me, in a few minutes, you will go to Lady Marvelle. She wants to leave London, to go into the country; you will go with her—for my sake, Bruce?"

He shook his head.

"I cannot. You ask too much, I should go mad in the country, Jess. It is no use talking. I know what you mean, and I am grateful to you for trying to pull me out of the mud—God bless you, my dearest!—but it is useless. When one of us Clansmeres is on the downward road, we don't stop until we reach Satan at the end of it!"

Jess shuddered.

"Forgive me!" he broke out. "Oh! Jess, why not go! The sight of you, though it is such a joy to me now while you are here, will drive me mad when you are gone! Stop! I know what you think of me; that I am a weak fool and a cur! And I am—in this business! But I'm built that way, you see," bitterly.

"Wait—and for God's sake don't cry! Don't listen to me—but yes, listen, Jess! I can't go to the old lady. The sight of me—as I am—would break her heart. But I'll leave London."

"Ah! yes," she cried gratefully. "If you will do that!"

"Yes, I'll leave England altogether, Jess."

She caught her breath, and turned to him.

"Leave England!" she echoed, with a sinking of the voice and heart.

He nodded.

"Yes, I intended doing so before I saw you. I have been make arrangements. A friend is getting me a berth in one of the Border forces out in Africa——"

A faint cry escaped her.

"In Africa!" she breathed.

"Yes," he said. "It is the only thing I can do. There is, or will be, some fighting over there, and they will be glad of me. I will try and keep straight——"

The tears filled her eyes so that the gas lamps, lit now, shone as in a mist.

"It would be easy enough, if—if I had some hope from you, Jess. I would wait and work for ten years, if there was any hope of getting you at the end of them. But there isn't, you see. I know the sort of man your father is—as hard as nails, and as unbending as I am. It will be a fight to the death between us, a fight in which I shall go down."

She was silent a minute, giving her aching heart time to beat, then in the softest, sweetest voice, she murmured:

"There—there is always hope."

Her face flushed, and he turned to her with feverish swiftness.

"Hope? What do you mean, Jess? Do you mean that——"

"Nothing is ever hopeless," she murmured, her eyes sinking, then she raised them to meet his bravely. For this was no time for fearful modesty and maidenly shrinking. This man, whom she loved better than life itself, had to be saved.

His breath came fast.

"Hope!" he said. "Do you mean that—that if I wait—— Jess! But, ah! you don't know all! I'm not fit! I never was at my best, and now——"—his voice sank—"there is a barrier between us, Jess!"

He meant that the life of the last few weeks had besmirched him too deeply to permit him to approach her, and she so understood him then; in the light thrown by after events she read his words differently.

"No," she said in a low voice. "There can be no unfitness, Bruce, if—if you love me still——"

"If I love you!" He laughed. "Is there any one moment of the day or night that I don't think of you, and long for you! If I love you! My girl," almost fiercely, "no man ever loved a woman as I love you! I can't live without you; that sums it up, Jess; life is not worth living."

Even in the midst of her misery his avowal struck a chord of joy and rapture.

"Oh! Bruce, Bruce!" she faltered.

"And that's why I'm going away," he said. "Even if I had not made up my mind to go, I should go now I have seen you; I couldn't bear any more such meetings! But Jess, what did you mean by 'hope'? Will you——" —he stretched out his hand to grasp her arm, but let it fall without touching her—"will you promise to be my wife?"

She was silent, and he went on with heartless haste.

"Listen, Jess, I am going to the bad, I know; you know it, too. You can save me. Promise to be my wife——"

She shook her head.

"I will promise never to marry anyone else," she said brokenly.

He laughed shortly.

"Ah! Jess, no woman—not one woman in ten thousand—ever kept such a promise! I wouldn't ask you—let you—make it! I know so well what would happen, will happen! I shall go away, out there to Africa, and you will be left behind, here in England; you will see other men——"

She drew away from him with patient repudiation and indignation.

"Your father, your friends will take you here, there, and everywhere; and everywhere you go, and every day in the week they will teach you to forget me——"

She checked the denial that sprang to her lips.

"The perpetual dropping of water will wear away a stone. It will be like that with you. I know it! Some day you will meet some man—some good fellow, like Frank Forde, for instance—and he will fall in love with you—how could he help it!—and they will press and coax you, they will never let you alone night or day until you have married him!"

She was silent.

"I know," he said, bitterly; "and I've no right to complain. Such a man would be more worthy of you than I am. I can see it all, clearly! You'd resist for a time, then you'd give way. That soft heart of yours—which makes me love you so—would be against me, Jess! You would marry him, and be happy. While I——" He paused. "I'm brute enough to hope that I may never live to know it!"

"Oh, cruel, cruel!" she sobbed

Remorse caught him by the throat.

"Yes, I'm a brute! I know it. Forgive me, Jess! But the thought of what will be sure to happen, as sure as that lamp's alight there, makes me mad!"

He sprang to his feet, and paced up and down; then he flung himself into the seat again.

"Jess, to leave you here, to go away out of England, perhaps for years, knowing that you were free, that your father and your friends were striving day and night to marry you to someone else, would—you might just as well hang a ton weight round a swimming man, and ask him not to drown!"

She knew he spoke the truth, and her heart was filled with dismay, with the cold foreboding of the certainty of his ruin. And it would be she who had wrought it!

"What can I do?" broke from her lips.

He stared in front of him, his brows knitted. He was sober enough now, and all his senses awake and quivering. The word, the idea of "hope," had flashed through him like an electric spark.

"What can I do?" she repeated, almost with a moan.

She would have laid down her life at that moment, willing, cheerfully, to save him, and counted the sacrifice as nought. But dying will not help a headstrong man with the inherited passions and vices all in full swing and hurrying him fast to ruin.

"I will tell you," he said; and he turned to her with something like his old air of command and mastery. "If you still love me—forgive me, dearest, I know it!—you can do this! Mark me, Jess, even as I ask it, I know that I am not worthy. There—there are things which, if you knew"—he was thinking of the recent weeks, not Deborah—"you would get up, and fly from me, as from a mad dog! But you must never know. If you did, you would know that you could never marry me!"

Pregnant words to be recalled in the aftertime.

"There is one thing you can do," he went on more slowly—almost solemnly; "you can marry me!"

Jess started, and turned her lovely eyes upon him with a wonder too great for expression in words.

"You can marry me," he said, still more solemnly.

She drew a long breath, as if his words had caused her heart to cease beating for a moment.

"Marry—you! Bruce! But my father——"

"Will not consent, will never consent. If you wait for that, you wait for the impossible," he said. "Mind, Jess, I find it hard to forgive him, even though he is your father! His reasons are not good enough to warrant his parting us, and sending me to ruin! He will never give his consent; but you can marry me without it!"

She started and shrunk away from him slightly; but, as she saw the look of pain cross his face, she drew near again.

"With—without it, Bruce? Ah, no!"

"Why not?" he said. "You spoke of hope just now, Jess. What did you mean? That he might be induced to give his consent? When? When it is too late!

"Do you think any man can go on living on indefinite hope for—God knows how many years!—and leave his darling to be tempted to forget him, and marry another man? No! Do this, Jess—marry me, secretly, and at once——"

"Secretly! At once!" she breathed, without knowing that she spoke.

"Yes," he said, his eyes flashing, his whole face transformed. It was wan and haggard still; but the hideous traces of his mad dissipation were already disappearing. Oh! marvellous miracle, wrought by love!

"Marry me secretly, and at once! I will leave you at the church door—at the registrar's, if you like; we can arrange which it shall be—you shall go back to your father—and I will go to Africa."

"To Africa?" she echoed.

Her brain was in a whirl, her whole heart beating so furiously that she could scarcely think, least of all, speak.

"Yes! Don't think that I am going to trade upon your love for me, dearest! No; will go out there, and win some kind of honor, name. There will be fighting, and I can prove that I am something better than the worthless kind of idiot which your father—God knows how justly!—thinks me! When I'm able to prove that, I'll come back and—claim you!"

The blood was running swiftly through Jess' veins. The change in him wrought its effect upon her. She saw the truth, the feasibility of the proposal.

After all, how could she, having a heart in her bosom full of love for him, consign him to a life of exile and hardship and danger, with the certainty that while he was away she would forget him, and marry another man?

But, if she married him secretly, parting from him at the church door—at the registrar's office—she would have bound herself to him beyond all chance of loss; she would have filled him with the spirit of

hope, with the desire to prove his manhood. In a word, she would—save him!

If, amongst the readers of this story of Jess' life, I should be fortunate enough to count a tender-hearted girl, let her put herself in Jess' place, and ask herself what she would have done under the circumstances—not forgetting that Jess' lover was sitting near her, and pleading with passionate earnestness. I will leave the issue to that tender-hearted girl reader.

"Think, Jess! Think, dearest!" he said, his eyes—so much clearer now—dwelling on her face. "It is you who shall decide!" Then a sense of his unworthiness rose and overwhelmed him. "Oh! my darling, it is asking too much! If you knew all! Jess, if you say 'yes,' if you marry me, promise me, before Heaven, that, whatever you hear, you will stick to me! However bad it be—and it cannot be blacker than the truth—you will not cast me off! I am deceiving you, keeping things back—but I can't lose you—I cannot!"

"I promise," she said, in a low voice.

"And—and you will do what I ask you? You will marry me secretly?" he said, in a voice husky with emotion. "All I ask is, that you should bind yourself to me; that while I am away, trying to prove that I am a little less unworthy of you, I can feel that you are mine. I want to be able to say to myself, when the black fit comes over me, 'Jess is mine; she is my wife. She cannot marry any other man, because she is mine—my very own—legally, indisputably. I've only to keep straight, and push my way to the front, to be able to go back and claim her! That's all!"

She could not speak, her heart beat so fiercely. She thought of her father; she owed him obedience, trust; but one shall, so says Scripture, cling to one's husband, and leave one's father; and if she married Bruce, he would be her husband!

After all, as she had vowed never to marry any o her man, what wrong would she commit in marrying Bruce Ravenhurst? He would leave her at the church door——

"Speak to me, Jess," he said, at last. "is it to be, or not? Will you trust me——" At the world "trust" he broke down, and hesitated. "No, don't trust me!" he cried, with a groan, "I'm not worth it——"

Jess turned to him, her heart, her soul, in her eyes. Love seemed to radiate from her whole being.

"I trust you," she said. "I trust you, because I love you, Bruce. I will do what you want!"

He fell a-trembling, as well he might. Then—there was no one near—he caught her to him, and kissed her, the passionate, burning kiss of the man who has been near ruined for just the lack of that kiss.

"My dearest! My darling!" he breathed. "Oh, thank God! Jess, I swear to you——"

She laid her trembling fingers on his lips.

"Bruce, I trust you! You—you will not be—wild any more?"

"As there is a Heaven above us, I will try to be worthy of you, Jess!" he responded, with something like a sob in his voice.

"I must go now——"

"Meet me here to-morrow—no, not to-morrow—the day after," he said. "I will make all the arrangements. Oh, Jess! my own, my wife! You have given me hope and life."

"Have I?" she said, in a low voice, as she nestled to him. "And are you happier, Bruce?"

He laughed—a very different laugh to that which a few minutes ago had tortured her.

"I am so happy that I can scarcely persuade myself that I am not dreaming. My wife! My wife! Think of it, Jess!"

"But you are not going away—to that hateful place—Africa!" she murmured, the tears blotting out the lamps again.

He grew grave in a moment.

"But only for a time. If there is any fighting, work, in hand, I shall score—I will score! And then, dearest, home I come. And I can go to your father, and say, 'I'm not the hopeless idiot you thought me! I have come to claim your daughter—my wife!'"

They sat for some moments longer, almost in silence; for there are some occasions and circumstances too deep and thrilling for words. Then Jess withdrew her hand from his, and rose.

"I will come with you to the end of the street. I must not be seen, Jess! And you will meet me here the day after to-morrow?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Lord Ravenhurst who left the Park was a totally different man to the Lord Ravenhurst who had entered it an hour ago.

When he had parted from Jess—with whispered words of love and gratitude—he strode away with the old vigor, the old resolute, self-reliant step. His brain was clear enough, his heart throbbing with hope.

What a thing hope is! It is your great miracle worker, and in Bruce's case it had worked one of the most astonishing of miracles, for it had plucked a creature from the mud and mire of dissipation and self-contempt to the higher lands of virtue and self-respect, and there is no more marvellous change and transformation possible.

But with all his new cheerfulness and good resolve was mingled a wholesome shame. It was true, that which he had said; he was not worthy of the pure, tender, loving girl who had stopped down, as from heaven, to save him.

"God bless my darling," he murmured, not once, but several times, as he strode away. His way seemed clear before him. A secret marriage, parting at the registrar's, and then to set sail for Africa and his period of probation.

Yes, he would prove himself less unworthy of her; then he would come back with a clear and fair record, and go to her father and say, "Here I am, once more, not the old, useless Bruce Ravenhurst, but a new and changed man, altered in everything save my love for your daughter!" and he would claim Jess.

Mr. Newton would learn that they were married, and cave in, and Lord and Lady Ravenhurst would, being married, live happy afterwards. Oh! beautiful dream!

He was dreaming it so hard and so absorbingly that, as he passed the end of St. James', he almost ran against a man, who hailed him with a—

"Hallo, Bruce!"

It was Lord Desmond, and Bruce pulled up, and exclaimed—

"Hallo, Ossie!"

And in so changed a voice that the lad actually started, and stared at the speaker with amazement, for when he had last parted from him, Bruce had been, well, almost mad, and now—why, what change had come to him? He was not only sober, and in his right mind, but bright-looking as of old, and even radiant.

"Why, Bruce!" he gasped, with a smile of relief and thanksgiving.

Bruce understood, and flushed from neck to forehead.

"All right, Ossie," he said, laying a hand on the lad's shoulder, in the old, affectionate, kindly fashion. "I am clothed and in my right mind again, you see!"

"I—I see," said Ossie joyfully. "What's happened, Bruce?"

"What has happened?" repeated Bruce dreamily. "What has happened, indeed! I've heard good news, Ossie," he said.

"I'm awfully glad, old man! What is it?"

This Bruce would not tell, of course.

"I'm going out to Africa, Ossie," he said, as if that were the good news.

"Come inside and tell me all about it," said Lord Desmond, and he linked his arm in Bruce's, and they went into the club.

Bruce said he would have a cup of coffee—not champagne or whisky and soda, be it noticed—and the two sat and chatted in the old frank, pleasant way; Bruce telling the lad how he meant to push his way to the front over there, and so on.

"I've been mad, stark, staring mad, Ossie, but I've come round again, and—whatever happens, I'm going to keep straight."

"Thank God!" said Ossie, with something like tears in his eyes. It was wonderful how dearly Bruce's friends loved him! "And you won't cut me again, Bruce?" he added with a smile.

"Cut you?" said Bruce. "When did I cut you?"

Ossie laughed.

"Do you mean to say you didn't see me?" he asked banteringly. "Oh! come, Bruce, that is a little too thin. But, never mind: I suppose you weren't in the humor for meeting any one"—

"When was it?" asked Bruce, waking up with interest. "I don't remember meeting you, or even seeing you lately, that is, for the last day or two."

"Let me see, what day was it?" Ossie said, making a call in his memory. "I'd been to the Admiralty to see my cousin Bobby, who's got a berth there—jolly snug quarters and a decent salary; he's no end proud, and comes it over me like anything. You'd think he was a member of the Government to see the frills he puts on. I walked from his office up Knightsbridge—going to take tea with my married sister, you know——"

By this time Bruce's thoughts had wandered back to Jess again, and he was scarcely listening, but Lord Desmond's next words roused him effectually.

"And, as I was passing through Cadogan Square, I say you get out of a cab."

"What!" said Bruce.

"Won't do, old man! I say you quite plainly. You were a few hundred yards ahead of me, but I saw you. Don't you remember my calling out to you? You looked round, started, and stared as if you didn't know me, then nodded, just nodded, and bolted into a house."

Bruce sat silent, staring at him.

"I thought I'd knock and inquire for you, because—well, you know, your friends would have been justified in looking after you during this last fit, old man—but I didn't like to intrude, and so I walked on. Don't you remember it?" he asked, for Bruce still continued to gaze at him, almost stupidly.

"Remember it? No; how the deuce should I, seeing that I wasn't there. It wasn't me you saw, Ossie."

Lord Desmond colored; he felt that he had been indiscreet in mentioning the fact of his seeing his friend, and he instantly changed the subject.

"I wish I were going out with you, old man! I'm sick of this beastly life——"

"Hold on a minute," said Bruce, rather gravely. "I'm not trying to spoof you, as you think, Ossie. What made you think you saw me?"

Lord Desmond looked at him, reproachfully.

"I don't want to talk about it, if you don't old man," he said. "You'll think I'm prying into your private business directly."

Bruce swore.

"Private business be hanged! What made you think it was me?"

Lord Desmond reddened.

"Dash it all, Bruce!" he said; "I tell you I saw you—I saw you as distinctly as I see you now. Do you think I don't know you when I see you? Besides, you had on the same suit of togs you are wearing now!"

Bruce laughed.

"Either you or I am dreaming, Ossie," he said. "What day was it?"

Lord Desmond drew his hand across his forehead, and reflected.

"It—was—last Tuesday," he replied, "and about half past three. It was a gloomy kind of afternoon, I remember; but I saw you plainly enough. Let's change the subject."

"Not yet," said Bruce, knitting his brows. "Where was I on Tuesday? I can't remember——"

"I don't suppose you can," said Ossie, rather drily. "I don't suppose you could tell where you were any day for the last three weeks, old man," he added, significantly.

"I know I've been off my head, and lost count pretty much," admitted Bruce; "but I'll swear that I wasn't near Cadogan Square on Tuesday afternoon!"

He laid an emphasis on the day and time; for he remembered vaguely that he had been in Chelsea one night—not in the afternoon—that week. He had gone to Gardenia street, and seen Deborah, and signed an agreement.

He had been muddled and hot-headed at the time, and could not, even now, recall all the incidents of the evening; but he knew that it was in the evening that he had paid that visit—his last to Deborah—and signed the deed; not in the afternoon.

"I have not been in the direction of Chelsea in the day time for a long while. You say the man you saw was like me, and with a suit like this?"

"Like you?" Ossie was getting impatient. "My dear Bruce, it was you, or your double! There isn't another man in London, so far as I know, who wears his hair and carries himself like you; and, besides, I saw that scar on your temple." He pointed to the scar. "How's that for high!"

Bruce stared, and laughed.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "This beats everything!"

"And the clothes weren't like—they were the same. I'll swear it!" said Ossie. "Besides, after a moment, you nodded—just nodded, as if you didn't like my seeing you. It wasn't a cut, right out, but as good as. Now, the other man—if he had not been you—oh, lord! I'm getting mixed!—wouldn't have nodded, would he?"

"It's a mystery," said Bruce, with knitted brows and moody eyes. "I'll swear I wasn't there—it must have been some fellow like me. There have been cases of mistaken identity."

"Yes, no doubt," assented Ossie; "but not with a scar in the same place, and similar togs. That is too thin, if you like old man! Now, let's drop the subject. I don't want to know what you were up to there."

Bruce reddened.

"Look here, Ossie," he said. "I think you might take my word when I give it solemnly. I tell you I wasn't there, that you didn't see me, and that it was a case of mistaken identity."

"All right," said Lord Desmond, cheerfully, "then I didn't. That's done with; and now let us go and get a game of billiards before dinner. You must dine with me to-night, old man. He sighed. "I shan't have many more chances of your company."

They dined together, and Bruce, though somewhat grave and thoughtful, was cheerful and quite a different being to the wild and reckless, and despairing idiot of yesterday.

After dinner Glave walked into the smoking room where Bruce and Ossie was sitting.

He crossed over to them, and just succeeded in repressing a start when he saw the change in Bruce

He had, of course, counted upon finding him in his usual condition. Bruce received him rather coolly, as Mr. Glave had anticipated.

"You're a pretty fellow, Glave," he said, by way of greeting.

"I know it. I'm glad to find you here, Ravenhurst, for I wanted to explain and apologise."

Lord Desmond, unfortunately, thought himself in the way, and got up and left them; he was not over-fond of Mr. Glave.

"Why on earth didn't you come down to Elford the other day as you arranged?"

Glave dropped into the seat, and lit a cigarette.

"I know! I am very sorry. I wouldn't have given you the trouble of going down there for nothing for worlds, if I could have helped it. But it was this way.

'Just as I was starting for the train, I got a wire saying that my grandfather was ill—dying, and I had to bolt off at once. There was only just time to catch the train. I was obliged to go, you see, not only because of duty and affection, but because the old gentleman intends leaving me his money."

"I see," said Bruce. "That's a solid excuse enough. But why didn't you wire to Elford to me?"

"I did," responded Glave, with well-acted surprise. "My dear fellow, you don't suppose I didn't telegraph. I sent the wire off from the station!"

"I didn't get it," said Bruce.

"Confound their stupidity," said Glave, in a tone of annoyance. "I directed it to The Farm——"

Bruce laughed.

"No wonder I didn't get it. There are half a dozen farms there," he said. "Never mind, we go down to-morrow, I suppose? I have arranged to do so."

"Yes, to-morrow, certainly. Nothing shall prevent me."

"Did your grandfather die?" inquired Bruce.

"No; he pulled down. Perhaps it was the sight of his dutiful grandson. And what did you do at Elford? Came back by the next train, I suppose?" he asked, with a tone of friendly, polite interest, but with an inward anxiety.

"No," said Bruce. "I waited for a while to see whether you would turn up, then I went for a walk, and loafed about the country till the evening."

"I'm awfully sorry! You must have blessed me, Ravenhurst!"

Bruce smiled.

"I did at first, but the time slipped away somehow; it doesn't matter."

"And I suppose the farm people were glad to see you, and made a fuss and all that?" remarked Glave, casually.

"Well, no; as it happened there was no one at home but an old woman in charge of the house. It was market day, and every other soul had gone off to the next town to buy and sell pigs and drink beer."

"I'm sorrier than ever! But I hope the old woman did the honors and made you comfortable!"

Bruce shrugged his shoulders.

"The old woman was deaf, and, I fancy, half-blind into the bargain. I couldn't get her to understand who I was. In fact, I went and looked at the horse, and left the house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY ANSWER.

BY L. A. B.

Well—you ask me to forget you,
  Those are easy words to say;
How willingly you gave me up
  And cast my love away.

I thank you for those few sweet days
  Of joy you gave to me,
And hope your life may e'er be bright
  With naught to trouble thee.

They say you'll love another soon,
  Oh! heart so filled with pain,
I call to Heaven to make me brave
  For I have loved in vain.

The sunshine from my life has fled,
  Goodbye, my love, and yet—
My answer then must be to you,
  I never shall forget.

The Purloined Will.

BY H. K.

OLD Barber was a fossilised Q.C., who had long ago retired from practice. Ill-natured people said that his practice had first retired from him, but his age and infirmities alone justified—if they had not compelled—his withdrawal from active life.

He was a wealthy bachelor, residing in the Albany, where he possessed a cellar of port wine which was the envy of his friends. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the gout which severely afflicted him; but his tastes were luxurious, and self-indulgent in other respects also.

He was an art patron of a very shrewd and discriminating type; his pictures were valued at several thousands of pounds, and his collection of china was unique.

Nevertheless, he was extremely thrifty, not to say stingy, with his money, and he had never been known to give away a sixpence in his life.

In fact, old Barker was a thoroughly selfish, ill-conditioned, old curmudgeon, whose choleric temper was emphasized by a sort of savage humor, which caused him to be treated with awesome respect.

He had a wicked old squint or cast in one of his watery pale blue eyes, and he uttered his most trenchant remarks with his defective optic glaring in such a manner as to complete his victim's discomfiture.

His nephew, Charles Gascoigne, had frequently noticed this unpleasant peculiarity, for next to the old man's valet—a crushed, down-trodden creature, who retained his post only from the hope of a legacy—this young gentleman was the subject of the Q. C.'s cruellest witticisms.

It must not be imagined from this circumstance that Gascoigne lacked manliness or self-respect. On the contrary, he was a very spirited young fellow, and this was not one of the main causes of his uncle's displeasure. But, after all, when one is heir-presumptive to $500,000—which was considered the most modest estimate of the old man's wealth—it is sheer folly not to exercise a little patience and self-control.

Gascoigne was by no means averse to the prospect of a life of ease or luxury in the near future; and in view of this agreeable contingency, he took things very easily at the bar, though he suffered from occasional misgivings and twinges of conscience on account of his idleness—for he had brains enough to perceive that he was wasting his opportunities.

If they could only have felt reasonably sure of his uncle's testamentary intentions regarding him, his conscientious scruples would have troubled him very little.

But the old man delighted to perplex him by contradictory hints and threats, and constantly reminded him that he had a cousin, the wife of a country parson, whose claims were equal in point of kinship to his own.

It was true that this young lady had mortally offended old Baker by marrying without his consent, but this might not have prevented him from making a will in her favor.

Gascoigne was too high minded and generous to feel any resentment against his cousin on this account, and he would have been perfectly satisfied to know that he would inherit equally with her.

But what perpetually worried him was the irritating suspense which his uncle seemed purposely to inflict; and there were moments when he felt strongly inclined to sacrifice his future prospects for the luxury of giving the old gentleman a piece of his mind.

One eventful morning Gascoigne called at his uncle's chambers, and was ushered into the old man's sitting-room, a gloomy apartment, full of artistic treasures, but rendered obnoxious to the dutiful nephew by association with its owner.

It was tenantless, however, at the moment; his uncle's capacious arm-chair drawn up in front of the blazing fire had evidently just been vacated; while upon an adjacent table stood a japanned tin-box, inscribed with the old man's name in white letters.

Gascoigne stood for a few moments on the hearthrug, gazing impatiently around him and wondering what sort of welcome he would receive, when his attention was attracted by the edge of a piece of paper which protruded from beneath the lid of the tin box.

Absently, and acting upon a mere idle impulse, he stepped forward and endeavored to force back the paper into the box. Not succeeding at his first attempt, he put out his other hand in order to ease the pressure of the lid, when, to his surprise, it yielded to his touch, and he then perceived for the first time that the box was unlocked.

Up to that moment nothing had been further from his thoughts than to play the spy; in fact he had scarcely been conscious of what he was doing.

Nor, indeed, even when the uplifted lid revealed the contents of the box, which consisted of a number of documents neatly docketed, did he experience the least sensation of curiosity.

But, unluckily, just as he was closing the lid again, after releasing that fatal slip of paper, his eye was caught by a prominent inscription:

WILL
OF
WILLIAM BARKER, ESQ., Q. C.

Without making excuses for the young man's next action, it should at least be recorded that it was entirely unpremeditated.

There, to his hand, lay the solution of all his doubts and difficulties. If he was his uncle's heir, well and good; his present negligent mode of life need trouble him no more.

But if he had only been left an insignificant legacy, and his cousin—or some other person—was destined to inherit the fortune, then it behooved him at once to set about making up for lost time, by applying himself assiduously to his profession.

This reflection passed like a flash through Gascoigne's mind, and made the opportunity for enlightenment so irresistible, that he seemed to rush upon temptation rather than yield to it.

One second of anxious listening, during which the only sound he heard was the tumultuous beating of his heart, and then he had seized the momentous document and was eagerly scanning its contents.

Though brief, it was, unluckily, in his uncle's crabbed handwriting, and Gascoigne was compelled to carry it away from the box a little nearer to the light. A hasty glance was sufficient to convey to his trained mind its full purport.

A paltry legacy to the long suffering valet, a picture or two to himself, all the rest of the contents of the testator's chambers, with the cash at the bank, to the niece, Mrs. Marsden; and the residue "to my nephew, Charles Grant Gascoigne, whom I appoint sole executor to my will."

Gascoigne gasped as he read the concluding words, which meant that he was absolutely heir to his uncle's vast wealth.

He was glad on his cousin's account too, for the art treasures bequeathed to her were of considerable value. But to know that he himself was the possessor—practically the possessor—of the remainder of the old man's fortune, was a revelation which caused his pulses to thrill with excitement, and made the sunlight dazzling.

Perhaps because he was momentarily carried away by the pleasurable excitement of the discovery, the young man's vigilance was relaxed; or perhaps, old Barker intentionally burst in upon him unawares.

At all events, without a moment's warning, while he still held the will in his hand, the door of the room was opened, and Gascoigne had barely time to thrust the document into the side pocket of his coat before his uncle, with his hat on, and muffled up for going out, suddenly stood before him.

"Hallo!" growled the old man, blinking in the sunlight, "so you are here?"

"Yes, uncle," replied Gascoigne tremulously; "didn't Rogers tell you?"

"He never tells me anything, the lazy scoundrel," grumbled old Barker, shuffling in, and giving his nephew a distorted forefinger to shake. "What do you want?"

"I called to inquire—I was so sorry to hear you have been so unwell," said Gascoigne, thanking his stars that he had not left the lid of the tin box open.

"So I have; but you are disappointed, you see. I'm nearly right again. I was just going out," snarled his uncle, advancing to the tin box as he spoke.

Gascoigne's heart stood still, as the old man lifted the lid of the box. He apparently remembered that he had left it unlocked, and the action was evidently designed to assure himself of the fact. Had he laid a trap for his nephew, and entered the room abruptly with the idea that he would find him prying?

Such a project would not have been foreign to the old gentleman's disposition, and Gascoigne trembled lest his uncle might open the box. But apparently this suspicion was groundless, or else Gascoigne's position at the window had been suggestive of innocence. At all events, old Barker proceeded to lug out his keys from his breeches pocket, and looked up the box with a shaky hand.

"Can I do that for you, uncle?" inquired Gascoigne, prompted by a wild hope of being able to slip in the will unobserved.

"No; you stay where you are!" said his uncle over his shoulder. "This is where I keep my will. You would like to see it, I dare say!"

"No, indeed, sir," said Gascoigne hastily, dreading that his uncle might be disposed to gratify him.

"Not curious enough, eh?" snarled old Barker. "Well, that's a good thing. You would be disappointed, I can tell you. Don't expect anything from me."

"Very well, sir," said Gascoigne, too much overwhelmed by the consciousness of having the will in his pocket to appreciate the humor of the situation.

"Quite disinterested, eh? Mark my words, young man; not one farthing will you get from me till you are marking five hundred pounds a year by your profession. Do you hear?" cried the old gentleman, cocking his eye at him.

"Yes, sir," answered Gascoigne, with tolerable composure.

"Then you had better set about it. Not but what you have plenty of time," he added hastily. "I'm good for twenty years yet—the doctor says so."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Gascoigne dutifully.

"No, you're not. All the same, it is as well for you that you should have a few years to work up a practice in, for if I were to die to-morrow, you would get nothing."

"Are you going out, sir?" inquired Gascoigne, puzzled what to say to this enigmatical utterance.

"Yes; I'm going to take that box to my bank. You can come with me, and pay half the cab fare," replied his uncle, chuckling at this characteristic joke.

He rang the bell, and sent his man for a cab, to which, in due course, Gascoigne escorted his amiable relative, while the porter carried the tin box.

If his uncle had been in an observant mood, he would have remarked that the young man submitted, with much better grace than usual, to his jokes and sarcasms.

This was hardly surprising, for it is not difficult to be long-suffering with an elderly relation when one knows he has manifested his benevolence in the most effectual manner.

On the other hand, the awkward fact that he was carrying off, clandestinely, the old man's will was sufficiently disconcerting to render Gascoigne a trifle absent.

When he had deposited his uncle and his tin box at the bank—after duly paying his moiety of the cab fare—Gascoigne had leisure to reflect upon the predicament he had placed himself in.

Needless to say that he bitterly repented of his unpardonable curiosity; it would be more just to dwell upon his honest shame at what he had done.

It seemed to him that only two courses were open to him; one, the more honorable, was to return the document frankly to his uncle; the other, to keep it carefully and say nothing.

The latter plan was the one which he finally adopted, not so much from self-interested motives, as because he could not bring himself to face the old man's wrath. The more he thought about the matter, the more bitterly ashamed and humiliated he felt.

As for the fortune, he regarded that as absolutely and for ever forfeited, whichever course he took. If he confessed his fault, he knew that his uncle would ruthlessly strike out his name.

The same thing would happen if he kept his own counsel, for it was inevitable that the old man must, sooner or later, miss his will, and it would be quite natural and easy to conjecture how it had disappeared.

In Gascoigne's view, he had only a choice of evils; and he simply elected to spare himself the scourge of his uncle's tongue.

There are natures which need the stimulus of some unforeseen event or misfortune to awake their slumbering energies.

This was the case with Gascoigne, for being firmly convinced that the result of what he had done would be to deprive him of his looked-for inheritance, he applied himself from that day forward to the drudgery of earning his livelihood.

He had many friends and some influential connections, but, more important still, he possessed talent to which he had never hitherto attempted to do justice. A lucky chance the absence of a learned leader in a notorious case, afforded him an opportunity of making a name, and almost without effort—so great a lottery is success at the bar!—he found himself in a position which was envied by his contemporaries.

The process occupied nearly three years, and during this period he avoided the society of his uncle as much as possible. He was haunted by a constant dread of the discovery of his secret, and was more than indifferent about offending him.

Old Barker, on his part, grudgingly acknowledged his success and was disposed to be more gracious; until, at length, having invited his nephew to dinner one evening, and entertained him royally, he said, quite good-humoredly:

"I suppose you are making $3,500 a year now?"

"Yes," replied Gascoigne.

"Then I shall have to alter my will. You would like to know what is in it, I expect?"

"I do know, sir," said Gascoigne impulsively.

"What!" exclaimed the old man.

"Your will is at my chambers, sir. Do you recollect that day when you left your tin box unlocked upon the table here? In your absence I opened it, saw your will, and was unable to resist the temptation of reading it. You returned suddenly, before I was able to replace it, so I have kept it ever since," exclaimed Gascoigne, very pale and shamefaced.

There was a painful silence for full a minute; the old man's evil eye seemed positively to glare upon the offender, who looked precisely as he felt; and Gascoigne said:

"It was a mean trick, but I'm heartily ashamed of myself, and I beg your pardon."

"And that is to be the end of it, eh?" sneered the old man, slowly recovering from his amazement.

"I expect not," said Gascoigne half defiantly.

"Your cousin ought to be much obliged to you," said old Barker with a harsh laugh.

"She needs the money more than I," said Gascoigne.

"By Jove! sir, she shall have it too. What is more, it shall come to her from your own hand," roared the old man, purple in the face.

"I don't understand," said Gascoigne quietly.

"I'll make a fresh will on the spot.'

"Very well, sir."

"You shall take it down from my dictation."

"As you please. It is rather like signing my own death-warrant," said Gascoigne with a nervous laugh.

"So it is; so much the better; serves you right. There's a sheet of paper and a pen over yonder. Sit you down," said the old man excitedly.

Poor Gascoigne obeyed silently, and not without an uncomfortable pang. It was, as he had said, uncommonly like signing his own death-warrant; but after all, it was only what he had anticipated, and he felt a certain sense of relief of having unburdened his conscience.

"I suppose you had better have the pictures and the things here," said the old man grudgingly. "She wouldn't appreciate 'em."

"Thank you, sir," said Gascoigne meekly.

"There may be a few pounds at my bank—not worth speaking of. In fact, this will may as well be in the terms of the last, with your name and Margaret's reversal," said old Barker, with his malevolent old eye glistening.

"Margaret is to be residuary legatee, in fact," said Gascoigne, with a sinking heart.

"Yes. How much do people say I'm worth?"

"$500,000 at least," answered Gascoigne, with assumed indifference.

"Ah! a good round sum to lose for a little curiosity, isn't it?" sneered old Barker.

"It can't be helped," said Gascoigne philosophically.

"Indeed it can't. Now are you ready?"

"Yes," said Gascoigne, grasping his pen firmly.

The old man dictated, and the sight of his nephew's ill-concealed discomfiture was evidently so amusing to him, that he paused at frequent intervals to chuckle and laugh.

At length, however, Gascoigne's penance was ended; witnesses were procured; and the will was duly signed. Old Barker took possession of it, and when his nephew departed—for naturally the evening soon flagged after this exciting episode—the old man said:

"Good night. What a fool you have been! Those pictures and things are not worth a quarter of what I gave for them. Still I suppose you will get a couple of thousand clear."

"More than I had any right to expect," said Gascoigne, as heartily as he could.

"More than you deserve, you mean. Shake hands!"

"You've forgiven me?"

"Yes, but you'll never forgive yourself! You were a fool to look at the will, but you were a worse fool to tell. If you had not, I should very likely never have missed it," said the old man, leering at him.

This was not exactly consolatory to Gascoigne, who, though he realized the satisfaction of having relieved his conscience, experienced the natural disappointment of a man who has wantonly thrown away a vast fortune.

It is true that he had always expected this, and at least he had saved something out of the fire.

But it was a bitter pill, and it was fortunate that his professional engagements prevented him from brooding over his disappointment.

He was also spared any further discussion on the subject with his uncle, for within a week the old man had an apoplectic seizure, from which he never rallied.

Gascoigne was of course summoned to his uncle's bedside, but the patient was unconscious, and in that state he passed away.

His will was no where to be found, but in searching for it, Gascoigne came across a note addressed to him by the deceased, stating that the document was in the custody of his solicitor, and requesting Gascoigne to see this gentleman at once, before communicating with his cousin.

The young man naturally lost no time in calling upon Mr. Bush, of Lincoln Inn, an old friend and client of his uncle's, and he was perhaps, a trifle disappointed when the lawyer placed in his hands the identical document which he had himself assisted to prepare.

"I thought, perhaps, my uncle might have made a subsequent will," he observed half involuntarily.

"He could not have made a will more favorable to you," said old Mr. Bush. "His pictures and things must be worth $50,000 at the very lowest estimate, and his bank balance—which he leaves you also—amounts to rather more, as I happen to know. I should think you will take altogether $150,000 when the effects are realized."

"It is an agreeable surprise," murmured Gascoigne. "Still, my cousin is residuary legatee, which means, I suppose, $750,000.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Bush. "The lady will only get the proportion of his annuity due at the date of his death—perhaps $5,000 or so."

"What!" gasped Gascoigne. "His annuity!"

"It will surprise many people," replied the lawyer. "He was supposed to be very wealthy, and so he was, in a sense. But he sunk his fortune many years ago in the purchase of an annuity of $25,000 a year, and a precious good bargain he made of it. It is a good thing for you that you are not his residuary legatee."

"I was once," exclaimed Gascoigne, marveling at his narrow escape, and at his uncle's peculiar method of showing resentment.

"Yes; that was before your success at the bar, on which I congratulate you," replied Mr. Bush. "The fact is, that our departed friend was fond of a joke. Fortunately, as your cousin expects nothing, she won't be disappointed at getting only $5000. If his old will had stood and you had found yourself in her position——"

"That would have been a sell certainly," said Gascoigne, who felt that he could now afford to laugh.

LIFE IN THE ALPS.

The throngs of tourists that have been overflowing Switzerland since June first are thinned out.

The larger hotels are closed, and life has taken up its routine course, if it may be said to have such. I am not altogether sure the summer tourist traffic is not the regular routine and the other life merely incidental to that. Certainly in the high Alps here it enters into the consideration of everything.

For instance, the snow has fallen heavily on the mountain tops during the recent cold weather, and the dairy goats are driven down to lower feeding grounds. The last hay crop, too, of the season has been harvested, and the farmers' autumn work is fast closing up, and preparations are being made for the long winter.

It is interesting to note how the haying is done here, for it rains so much there is little dry, warm weather to cure it, and I am forced to compare the methods of agriculture here with those in America.

The man of the house in these parts is the one who does the mowing generally, though it is no uncommon occurrence to see a woman swinging a scythe herself.

He may quite likely mow in the rainstorm, the woman following and spreading out the hay with a wooden fork. Thus spread, it may remain on the ground for several days till the weather holds off so it can be harvested.

When a clear day comes, the woman go out and toss it up incessantly, getting out the water, and then both men and women do it up in bundles and carry it on their backs to the chalet.

In these high Alps I have not seen a beast of burden of any sort, neither horse, ox nor donkey. Men, women and children share the burden of carrying everything.

In long, cone-shaped baskets, or wooden firkins, strapped on their shoulders, they carry wood, milk, water, vegetables, etc., the size of the basket or firkin varying with the size and strength of the one who carries it. The porters, too, carry trunks, bags and boxes through the mountain passes on frameworks strapped to their shoulders.

In this same way the winter's supply of wood is brought to the chalet. These lower valley chalets are built to accommodate the family, the animals, all the fowls, swine, every living thing under one roof, besides the fuel, the grain and hay and winter's full supply of nourishment.

The odors are not particularly in keeping with the American idea of comfort, but I am almost convinced that the Swiss as a nation have lost the fifth sense or they would not tolerate the smells they have.

Speaking of the small farmers in the high Alps, however, I have visited many of these chalets, and they bespeak the greatest simplicity and what seems to me poverty.

Scarce an article of furniture that is not made with their own hands, and those articles are as limited in number as the exigencies of the case may warrant. In one chalet I visited I found a father, mother, grandfather, twin infants perhaps three months old and five children, the eldest under 10 years of age, and yet he had the face of a grandfather.

Such old faces these children have, and their clothes are a miniature reproduction of the father's.

In this especial chalet, which consisted of two rooms besides the basement, where were kept the animals, and the attic, where the hay and grain were stored, I found the complete furnishings included two beds, a table, a long bench, two three-legged stools and a row of shelves and a seat under the window.

The five children all sat in a row on the bench at my approach, the twins occupied a prominent position on the floor and the grandmother, who was too old to work, was seated on one of the stools. The father and mother were harvesting the hay.

They never allow grass to grow up as we do in America before cutting, but take it as a sort of rowen, six to eight inches high, while it is tender. I wonder why it doesn't mold or mildew, and perhaps it does both. But I see it banked against the chalet under the projecting eaves curing on drizzly days, and perhaps the fire inside the house helps to dry it.

The peasant's kitchen is a room that interests one. There may be one small window in it, and there may be no window at all.

The stove, or hearth, or fireplace, whichever it may be, is built as the occasion may warrant, either of a pile of stones in the centre, or at best of a stove, with brick backing, but there is no stovepipe or chimney flue.

The smoke pours out into the room, and curling upward, goes out at the roof. I was for a time at a loss to account for the wooden chimneys and why they did not burn up the houses. But the fact is the kitchen roof runs up like the roof of a hop kiln to an apex, and crowning this is the chimney.

It is unnecessary to say these kitchens are black, dingy, uninviting-looking places, and I am still unable to see why they should not have a window to light them.

In the poorer places the fire is built in a stone pile, much as one arranges in the camping out season, hanging the kettle over it, but wood that sends sparks far does not seem to be used.

Swiss men are chronic whittlers, and already they have commenced various objects more or less elaborate that will occupy all the winter time and be put on sale at the magazines at Interlaken and the large towns.

PRIZE ANIMALS THAT MUST BE GUARDED.—The owner of a number of prize rabbits, so the newspapers told us, made a startling discovery not long back. During the night some miscreant had placed a dog in the hutch, and when the fancier went to visit his treasures as usual he found them all lying dead.

Now, only a week or two previously, an exhibition Persian cat belonging to a friend of the writer had had its tail cut clean off at the stump. And as it appeared from these two circumstances that prize animals need as much guarding as valuable diamonds, he hunted up a well-known dog fancier and asked him whether this was not so.

"It is—most decidedly," was the reply. "You are never safe from men who have a spite against you or from rival owners. Whenever I send a dog to an exhibition, I engage somebody I can trust to keep close to it all the time it is on view. Some don't do so—they expect the secretary to look after their dogs—but they run a risk—a very great risk.

"I myself once had a very valuable animal poisoned at an exhibition. Of course, I have always suspected one particular man, but I have never been able to bring it home to him. A friend of mine, too, had a crack running dog. It was once matched with another dog for a very big sum, and so every care was taken of it. However, it gave them the slip one night.

"It was only out about half an hour, but when it came in it dropped down and died—poisoned. Depend upon it, fellows had been hanging about the house day and night for a chance of getting that dog.

"And it's the same in some cases with exhibition animals. I know a gentleman who owns a dog worth four figures, and he pays a man to do nothing else but look after his investment. Perhaps there's many a rascal who would be glad of the chance of poisoning it.

"Valuable birds, again, are risky possessions. Last autumn the owner of a prize show of poultry lost some of the finest specimens in his flock. Poisoned corn was thrown to them by an unknown dastard; they picked it up eagerly, and in a short time they were dead.

"Then it is a common thing for a pigeon fancier to be robbed of his birds. There was a great outcry in a north-country district not long ago on this score.

"The members of a certain association lost in the course of a few months scores of pigeons, every one of which was probably shot during a homeward flight, though some may have been taken as 'strays,' and, after having been remarked, have become the ostensible property of other 'flyers.' It is not at all a difficult matter to alter a pigeon so that its real owner cannot recognize it.

"Most of the birds so butchered were doubtless brought down merely as material for a pie; but often the marksmen had another motive—spite or "nobbing" in its most effectual form. For pigeon flying, comparatively innocent a pastime as it is, has its arts, like all other forms of sport."

THE exaggeration which dresses up and embellishes a narrative, to be again repeated with fresh ornament until it loses its likeness to the fact from which it sprung, deals a direct blow to truth.

Scientific and Useful.

SHEET ZINC.—A seeming anomaly is found in the fact that in the United States "tinplate" is the favorite roofing, the use of sheet zinc for roofing being almost unknown; and yet in England, the home of the tinplate industry, and in all parts of Europe zinc is now the most favored material. A roof of good tin, properly laid and painted thoroughly at least once in every three years, will last from twenty to thirty years; the life of a slate roof may be from thirty to fifty years, while the life of a zinc roof may be estimated from the fact that the first zinc roof ever put up, in 1811, exists to-day in good condition.

ACETYLENE.—It is hoped that the latest illuminant, acetylene, will largely take the place of gas in the future. Acetylene burns with a brilliant light, and can now be obtained from what is practically a waste product—carbide of calcium, a crystalline body which, when treated with water yields acetylene almost quite pure. The gas which is thus obtained has a distinct garlic-like color, so that its presence in air, due to leakage of pipes, would easily be perceived. During combustion it produces less heat than coal gas, less moisture, and less carbonic acid, and uses up about half the quantity of oxygen. The light is white, and for the same volume yields nineteen times as much radiance as coal gas with an ordinary burner.

MICA.—The uses of mica are manifold. One of its latest developments is distinctly novel. An ingenious Australian has invented and introduced a mica cartridge for sporting and military guns. The filling inside the cartridge is visible, and a further advantage is that instead of the usual wad of felt, a mica wad is used. This substance, being a non-conductor, unaffected by acids or fumes, acts as lubricant. Where smokeless powders, such as cordite or other nitro-glycerine compounds, are used, mica has a distinct advantage over every other material used in cartridge manufacture. Being transparent, any chemical change in the explosive can be at once detected. The peculiar property it has of withstanding intense heat is here utilised, the breech and barrel being kept constantly cool. The fouling of the rifle is also avoided, the wad actually cleaning the barrel.

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY.—Poultry culture is a dignified work. Dismiss at once and forever the delusion that it is "small" and unworthy your attention. Statistics prove its magnitude, and the character of those who have engaged in it demonstrate its fitness as a pursuit.

GRIT.—Grit must be provided for fowls, but the substance should be sharp and of a size to be readily swallowed. It is not right to mix sand with the food as a substitute for coarse grit. The birds themselves will decide when they need such an aid to digestion, if access can be had to it.

EATING.—In a test to see how much of any one kind of feed a cow could eat in a day or a dairy herd at a Texas station were given all they could consume of a single food. The largest quantity of cotton seed meal eaten by any one cow was fourteen pounds; of cornmeal, twenty two pounds; of cornmeal and cotton seed mixed half and half, twenty eight pounds.

FRUIT.—Fruit is no luxury, but a necessary part of the daily food, and, besides being a very profitable crop for the market in the fresh or preserved state, it certainly is to the interest of every farmer to not only set out an orchard, but to cultivate it as thoroughly as he does his cornfield. The orchard pays five fold better than ordinary farm crops, but it takes lots of brain work and practice to reach the result.

WELLS.—Before digging a well it is well to look and see what kind of trees are growing near it. Locust trees will send their roots a distance of 15 to 20 feet for water, and if a well is within that distance they will surely get into it if the well is walled with stones. In a driven well, of course, the water can only get in at the bottom, and this is a much better and cheaper way of putting down wells than the old fashioned one of digging out the earth by hand.

"AN ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." That is the way with a Cold. A few little doses of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant often saves a long sickness, if not something more serious. For Headache take Jayne's Painless Sanative Pills.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 19 1896

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postoffice money order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On Self-Restraint.

There is the more need to think about the wisdom of self-restraint because a well-marked current of popular feeling sets in an opposite direction. The impulsive ill-regulated man, unless he breaks all bounds, is liked, on the whole, better than the careful self-possessed ruler of his own spirit who never "gives himself away."

With impulsiveness and recklessness, it is supposed, go generosity and frankness. The "jolly dog," the "gay cavalier," the "good sort," the man who is "nobody's enemy but his own" are variations of a type that is regarded by the casual observer with a lenient eye. Excess of calculation is distrusted. The villain of the piece is always a confirmed calculator. Then it is so easy and comfortable to be careless! To be exact, thoughtful, self-restrained, well in hand, is to be a standing rebuke to human weakness; and human weakness does not like it. It detects a cold-blooded quality in self-restraint which is offensive if carried to too great lengths.

And so, while the self-restrained man is, according to the predominance of other qualities, respected, feared, doubted, or disliked, but is, anyhow, regarded as a somewhat irksome acquaintance, the man who is poorer in self-restraint is proportionately pitied in a quiet way and used for personal ends, but is voted popular. A good deal may be advanced in distrust of the easy-going sentiment that favors weakness of character.

To be equable, self-possessed, reasonable, with the reins well in hand and the brake under control, is not made the less necessary or less admirable because the rash impetuous man is often magnanimous, and coolness, watchfulness, and self-restraint are conditions under which the rogue—as with the professional gambler—carries on his work.

It may be asked whether there are not cases in which coolness and self-restraint must be cast to the wind, and indignation can properly and wisely take their place—and indeed it is true that in certain circumstances, as where grievous wrong is being done, we are all ready to forgive the speedy avenger—but it is doubtful whether any general sanction can be wisely given to the unbridling of passion.

Once let the rule of a righteous lack of self-restraint be established, and every lover of the luxury of a passionate outburst is ready with a reason why his anger was good and not evil. The loss of self-restraint is a surrender to unreason. "Keep your head" is advice that cannot go out of season. The child and the savage, who have not learned the meaning of self-restraint, fall into paroxysms of passion; and we mentally note that the ebullition shows the human being in the lowest stage of development. The gorilla has similar fits of rage.

The higher we rise in the scale of civilization and intelligence the more unmoved we become, until a well-ordered society demands as one of its conditions of respected membership that the balance of the faculties shall be preserved, and that feeling shall be repressed within the bounds of good taste and personal dignity. It will not permit people to indulge in a want of self-restraint and yet retain their caste intellectually and morally. And society, we venture to think, is right, and the believers in interesting outbursts of uncurbed feeling are wrong.

The simplest form of a want of self-restraint, the form most easily fallen into, most easily forgiven, because it is so general, and yet accountable for perhaps the largest aggregate of unhappiness, is the want of restraint of temper. It is with temper that the mastery over self is best begun, for practice is always available.

Restraint in provocation is quite as necessary as restraint in retort. Quite a large number of people however take a foolish pride in blurting out expressions which they describe as "saying what they think;" whereas such hasty impressions are usually substitutes for thought, binding the user to opinions before he has had time to think. The self-restraint that pauses, judges, and decides would usually keep us clear of the gusts of temper; but first there must be set up a sentiment in favor of rational action when compared with a cheap surrender to the uppermost feeling of the moment.

It is not easy to decide which is the more pitiable, the victim of a want of self-restraint who cannot avoid incurring a certain measure of contempt, or the man or woman who is the cause of offence in others. We all know people who cannot keep off a wearing subject. If they know of a sore, they must rub salt on it. They require as much self-restraint in order to guard against being disagreeable as their victims require to enable them to refrain from a lively resentment.

Can a man always exercise self-restraint? "Man is man and master of his fate," wrote Tennyson. Is it true? The assertion is common enough, and perhaps most common in the mouths of men who doubt it, and who try to fortify themselves against the doubt by the boldness of their denial that there is a doubt. Yet which of us has not known men who were the slaves of some one idea, who had no power of self-restraint when the over-mastering influence of their mania came upon them? Of course the drink slavery furnishes the saddest illustrations.

It is impossible for most of us to realize as an inference from our own experience the complete subjection of a rational man's will to inanimate nature. We are men and masters of our habits; but observation convinces that no one man's experiences can be safely accepted by him as an epitome of the experiences of his neighbors.

No individual denial can get rid of the fact that to some men self-restraint is impossible unless intoxicating drinks are wholly withheld from them. He can hardly be called his own master who has acquired any habit that he cannot give up; but there must be tens of thousands, and possibly hundreds of thousands, who have unconsciously allowed some part of their life, perhaps small, perhaps of dominating importance, to slip from their control. With them self-restraint must be begun by re-conquest.

A mistake is sometimes made by imagining that self-restraint is only lost through a surrender to such material habits as heavy drinking, gluttony, smoking, snuff-taking; but there are moral delinquencies as tyrannical as these. What do you say to lying and greed? Moderately reputable citizens may be found who find it as impossible to give a straightforward narration of the simple facts with which they are perfectly well acquainted as it is for the confirmed drunkard to give up his grog; and it is just as impossible to curb the imagination of the incorrigible and habitual liar as it is to lead the saturated drunkard into the paths of moderation.

The strange case of the imaginative talker has been overlooked because of its harmlessness. His habit is soon understood, and then he deceives nobody except an occasional stranger. The liar is lulled into security quite as pleasantly, unsuspectingly, and deeply as the drinker. The need for self-restraint does not occur to him. In the warm glow of his imagination and the dramatic setting given by his love of a sensation, his narrative looks to him like an improvement on truth; and there is probably more hope of the habitual drunkard regaining self-restraint than of the habitual liar. Nor can we greatly hope for self-restraint for the avaricious and greedy, because their mistaken view of life has become too deeply ingrained to be eradicated. The passion of gain and saving, when it has entered into full possession, is quite as obstinate as the passion of drink, and much more dangerous than the inexorable whim of picturesque falsehood.

THE man who is careful, considerate, and moderate in the exercise of all his faculties, whether animal or intellectual, is one who will last longer than the man who over-indulges in any one of the numerous things which go to make up life. The men who break down and die prematurely are usually those who have not lived temperately. It is often said that men work themselves to death. Men do not die of overwork, but rather of what they take between work. What kills men is not work, but what they do outside their work.

THE value of our life on earth will not be judged by the success, but by the purity of our endeavors and our perseverance, even where there was no great visible result. We ourselves do not even know what we have done in our own strength, how much we owe to others, and how much to a higher will. It will be good not to put too much to our own account.

CHARACTER is ever reduplicating itself, and every bright example sheds its light down through the ages. Memory treasures it, affection cherishes it, history preserves it; it can no more be lost than can the vital influence of the sun and air be lost to the ever-growing forests.

THE finer the nature, the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldomest seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.

SET yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.

NOTHING more effectually conquers mental indolence and rouses torpid powers to exertion than the necessity of making decisions, united to the conscientious desire of making right ones.

THERE is this important difference between love and friendship—while the former delights in the extremes and opposites, the latter demands equalities.

THE bad man, diffusing the hue of his own spirit over the world, sees it full of treachery, selfishness and deceit. The good man is continually looking for and sees noble qualities.

HE that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. T.—An ossuary is a place where the bones of the dead are deposited; a charnel-house.

L. A.—The "Court of Love" was in France, from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, a tribunal composed of ladies of high birth and talent, whose questions of gallantry, and whose decisions were acquiesced in by courtesy. The last imitation of these courts were held at Rueil, it is stated, at the instance of Cardinal Richelieu. The decisions were made according to a code of thirty-one articles, written by Andre, royal chaplain of France, about 1170.

J. C.—A widow wears for her husband the deepest mourning. It is worn for two years—sometimes longer, as fancy dictates. For the first year, it consists of solid black woollen goods, collar and cuffs of folded, untrimmed crape, a single crape bonnet and a long, thick, black crape veil. The second year, silk trimmed with crape, black lace collars and cuffs and a shorter veil may be worn; and in the last six months gray, violet and white are permitted. A widow should wear her hair perfectly plain, if she does not wear a cap, and a bonnet—never a hat.

F. F.—Of course, a sensible, well bred man will show by the look and manner that he expects to be recognized; but, nevertheless, in this country, the duty of looking out for acquaintances of the opposite sex, and bowing first, fall upon ladies. Even if a man who you know is stupid enough to look at you, as you pass him, with a perfectly unmoved face, you must salute him with a slight bow and smile. The gentleman whom you "cut" would naturally feel hurt, and if ever you see him again you should apologize; but if your acquaintance with him was very slight, it is not worth while taking any trouble about the matter.

Y. W.—Helen, the most beautiful woman of her time, according to Greek legends, and the wife of Menelaus, fled with Paris, the son of Priam, to Troy, and the Trojan war was the consequence. Paris was killed during the siege of Troy, and Helen then married Deiphobus, another son of Priam; but when the city was taken, she treacherously introduced the Greeks into his chamber in order to appease Menelaus, who, on her return to Sparta, forgave her. The accounts of her death differ; one statement attributing it to the Queen of Rhodes, whose husband had been killed in the war. She caused Helen to be seized while bathing, tied to a tree, and strangled.

L. C. E.—Floating islands, so called, are produced by accumulations of drift wood, among which drifting sands and earth collect and form a soil in which plants take root. Masses of these great rafts are occasionally detached and drift off with the small animals, birds, serpents, and alligators that have taken refuge upon them. They are frequently met with on the large rivers of South America, and have been the means of distributing species of animals among the islands of the South Pacific, upon many of which their introduction in any other way is difficult to explain. Such islands have been seen floating a hundred miles off from the mouth of the Ganges; and they also occur in the Malay Archipelago.

N. D.—The use of electricity as a means of igniting explosive charges is of comparatively recent date. The earliest recorded application of this agent for such purposes was by Moses Shaw, an American, who, in 1831, exploded charges used in submarine blasting by means of an ordinary frictional machine. In 1839, Lieutenant-General Paisley, of the English army, while conducting operations for the removal of the wreck of the Royal George at Spithead, used a galvanic battery for firing charges of powder. Probably the most noteworthy of the earlier applications of electricity to firing purposes was that made in 1843, by William Cubitt, in removing an enormous chalk cliff on the line of the South-Eastern Railroad, near Dover, England.

E. S. B.—There are two kinds of experience in the world. One is the continued round of repeated actions and events, a mere mechanical reiteration of joy and sorrows, ups and downs, successes and failures—a kind of chapter of accidents which leave no very definite impression after they have passed away, and produce no very marked effect upon the life they thus checker. The other is that which is woven into the very web of existence, giving it tone, color, texture and strength. The one, barren to its owner, is necessarily barren to another generation; the other, striking down deep roots into the being of him who sustains it, as surely grows and bears fruit in those who come after him.

G. P. W.—Gold fish may be kept in a glass globe of the usual size for such purpose, and be given fresh river water every day, or at least every other day. The globe should be kept clean by washing it inside with a cloth. It is not good to feed gold fish, as the food will only serve to render the water unfit for their existence, and if renewed every day, the water will of itself furnish them with enough material for their sustenance. Fish kept in globes or other vessels generally perish from the want of oxygen. Anything, therefore, which consumes it ought to be avoided, and this is a reason for not giving them any food. Green leaves of living plants have an opposite effect, and they may be kept for this purpose in the glass globes. They absorb the carbonic acid in the water exhaled by the fish, giving off oxygen, which is in turn taken up by the fish and reconverted into carbonic acid.

A DREAM MEMORY.

BY T. P.

Without the weary winter wind is sighing,
And darkness sleeps upon the frozen land,
While, lonely by the firelight, waning, dying,
I watch it gleam and sparkle on my hand—
A ring of rubies, set in ancient fashion,
Red gems that burn amid engraven gold,
And waken in my heart a pain and passion
I deemed were dead and cold.

And all the gloom and all the wintry weather
Are changed to sudden brightness, and we stand
A moment in the sunset-light together,
Among the summer-roses hand in hand—
One moment, then the wild sweet dream is over;
The echo of your voice has passed and died;
I hold alone your parting gift, my lover,
And nothing more beside—

Your gift that tells how truth was scorned and slighted,
And one poor lonely life of joy bereft;
For of the faith you swore, the troth you plighted,
The deathless love you promised, what is left?
Ah, nothing but a ruby ring that flashes
Its fitful splendor in the fading gleam,
And, worthless as the dust of fallen ashes,
The mem'ry of a dream!

A Secret for Two.

BY S. U. W.

SAM always says I am lazy. Now, without absolutely contradicting that statement, I think I may venture to qualify it.

There are a decision and firmness about Sam's statements that make one chary of contradicting them, even though one may not be prepared to accept them as downright truth.

Sam has a steady clear way of reckoning up a fellow and telling him what he thinks about him, which is not always flattering, to say the least.

And then again he always goes ahead at such a rate that, upon my word, he puts one into a state of mental perturbation only to look at him. At least, that is the effect that is always produced on me.

You should see him when he is making up his accounts for the week. He gives me a headache for all the rest of the day. You must understand that Sam and I are brothers.

We are also partners in a small commercial affair—something to do with shipping. I am the "sleeping partner." Sam says that is the only position thoroughly fitted to my character and habits.

Probably he is right, for candidly I hate and detest the art of "money-making" and all connected with it; but Sam positively glories in it.

Perhaps you may wonder how it came to pass that Sam thought of taking me into partnership with him—I, who had no commercial proclivities whatever. But it was the old story of "Some people have plenty of brains and no money, and some have plenty of money and no brains."

In this particular case I had the money, left me by an estimable and thoughtful relative; while my brother possessed the brains.

Between us the business proved a success—I believe chiefly by my keeping clear of it; and for that Sam should be grateful.

I think he is. Now that I have explained my position with regard to my brother and his standing as it affects myself; together with our status in the world and society at large, I feel I may proceed with my story, having a clear conscience on these points.

I ought to state that I speak only the truth when I say that, if there is one being for whom I would do more than for any one else, that individual is my other brother Frank.

He occupies a very large and very warm place in my heart. I never think of him without the tenderest love and pity. He is a cripple.

An accident that happened in his boyhood compels him to use crutches. The uncle who remembered me in his will left him a sufficent sum to live upon. Frank is an artist and his pictures fetch fair prices in the market.

At the time of which I am writing he had a pretty little house close to a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall. It was an ideal place for an artist's home, surrounded as it was by the grandest and wildest scenery imaginable.

Frank had been settled there about twelve months, and, with the exception of an old woman who kept the place clean and cooked his meals, lived absolutely alone; and he wrote to me one day, begging me to come down and see him, and stay for a month or two.

I never do much in the business, as I said before, and, not having any special reason therefore for remaining in London, I determined to go down to Cornwall and enjoy myself.

When I alighted at the little station in Cornwall, I naturally supposed that I could procure a conveyance of some kind in which to reach my brother's house.

But, when I looked round the little dingy station, I resigned myself to the inevitable. I must walk; there was not a vehicle of any kind.

I had turned to the sleepy porter, with a view of asking his opinion on the matter, and with a fair idea in my own mind of what his answer would be—that is, if he were capable of giving one—when the sound of wheels on the road attracted my attention, and the next moment a little country cart jogged slowly into the station.

It was drawn by the most old-fashioned-looking pony that I had ever seen, and was driven by a young lady, who, the moment the pony chose to stop, jumped down and came quickly towards me.

"Are you Mr. Carley?" she asked, in a quick clear voice, raising her eyes to mine as she spoke.

I replied in the affirmative, wondering how this pretty little woman—for she was pretty—could possibly know my name. Seeing my perplexity, she hastened to explain.

"You see," she said, laughing and making a charming half foreign gesture with her hands that I thought very nice, "Frank, your brother, guessed that you would come by this train, and he did not know how you would manage to get over to his place, with your luggage and everything, without a conveyance of some sort; and, as I wasn't busy, I offered to drive over and fetch you and your luggage. Dick,"—with a deprecatory glance at the old pony—"is rather slow, I know; but he is better than nothing."

Now this explanation would have sounded very well if I had known the girl, who she was, or what relation she bore to my brother Frank. But, you see, I was unacquainted with these facts.

I felt somewhat mystified. This could not be the old woman who "did" for him—that was out of the question. Whom, then, could she be?

I am afraid that I stared in rather an ungentlemanly manner at the young woman before I recovered by self-possession sufficently to answer her.

I thanked her in a rather rambling style, and we moved towards the cart, the sleepy porter following with my portmanteau. My luggage having been put into the cart, my new friend turned to me.

"Dick has fallen asleep," she said, in the most matter of-fact way, as if it were the proper thing for everybody and everything to drop into slumber at all *hours* of the day in that part of the world. "Will you wake him up please?"

I was guilty of unpardonable rudeness a second time, for I stared so hard at the young lady that she said somewhat impatiently—

"You must give him a dig—here"—placing her hand against a particular spot on his fat ribs. "Don't do it too hard," she added.

I gave the pony a vigorous dig on the spot indicated, and he woke with a sudden jerk. The young lady climbed into the cart, I followed, and the pony jogged slowly out of the station and down the white dusty road.

Now if there is one thing that I hate more than another, I think it is mystery in any form. I like everything to be straightforward and above board, so that one can properly understand it, or, failing that, to have some one at hand to explain matters.

I hate to puzzle and rack my brains over anything. A thousand solutions, all equally ridiculous and far-fetched, keep springing up to bother one, and drive one farther and farther away from the truth.

Here was this girl, whom I had never seen in all my life before, sitting beside me, slowly driving along a country road, whilst I, to keep myself from staring at her, was endeavoring to look straight ahead, and cudgeling my brains to make out what it all meant.

I stole a glance at her every now and then; but the awkward part of it was that, whenever I looked at her, I found that she was furtively gazing out of the corners of her eyes at me also. I saw enough of her however to make out what she was like.

She had a neat graceful way about her in handling the reins, clumsy though they were—in fact, in her every action there was, I thought, something fascinating.

Her face was not absolutely beautiful—no one could say that—but in every line of the well-cut clear features there were a graceful firmness and sweetness that commanded respect as well as admiration. I rather liked a woman to have some decision about her.

I do not mean that I admire one of those hard angular "woman's rights" sort of creatures, but a woman with a creditable "way of her own," who would be likely to look after a fellow and keep him straight. If ever I get married—which is not at all likely—I think I shall marry such a woman. A man ought to have a wife who knows how to make him comfortable, or else not have one at all.

I was still thinking of all this, and coming back again and again to the same puzzling question—which would always crop up somehow—as to the young lady's identity, when she turned and addressed me.

"Don't you think," she said slowly "that it is very warm?"

There was a lurking smile about the corners of her mouth as she put this question that annoyed me.

I hate being laughed at above all things, and I felt sure that this self-possessed young woman was laughing at me. She saw that I was disconcerted and perplexed, and she evidently enjoyed the fun of it.

I answered quietly that I thought it rather warm.

After this she looked straight before her again, and we lapsed once more into silence. For the life of me I could not say anything, and she evidently would not. This state of things was getting absolutely unbearable, when she spoke again.

She was waving her whip slowly from side to side above the pony's head, and her brows were wrinkled as if she was lost in deepest thought.

"But it has been warmer, has it not?"

This was a poser. I stared at her helplessly for a moment, then, suddenly remembering my self, stammered out that I thought it might have been warmer during the past week or so.

That settled it. She evidently gave me up as a "bad job"—as too stupid to be worth holding any conversation with. When she next spoke it was to tell me that a pretty old-fashioned house, which lay back from the road, half surrounded by shady trees, was that in which my brother Frank lived. We turned in under an old broad gateway and drew up at the hall door.

I sprang out; and my driver said hurriedly—

"Take out your luggage quickly, please. If I stop now, Dick will fall asleep again."

I pulled out my belongings, and had barely done so, when she turned the old pony's head towards the road again. As she drove away slowly, she called to me—

"Tell Frank that I could not wait now, but that I hope to see him to-morrow. Good-bye!"

I watched the cart turn into the road, and then, recovering myself with a start, rang the bell.

An old woman opened the door; and, even as I asked for my brother, I heard the sound of his crutches at the other end of the hall, and he came forward as quickly as his lameness would allow to welcome me.

There is no need for me to describe that meeting. There are many who have friends and brothers, bound to them by the strongest ties of love and friendship, who know, far better than I can tell, what such meetings are. They come back to us through all the waste of years as bright memories of happier times.

I remember that we sat for hours that evening after dinner, smoking and talking of many things. I always got along better with Frank than with any one else. I find that most people are inclined to laugh at me and of my idea of life. Frank never did that.

He had a capital way of enlarging one's views of existence, if I may so term it, and of putting them into better and more hopeful shape, quite flattering to the original author.

Not that Frank tried to flatter any one—far from it—but he could put one's thoughts into plain words that perhaps would not have occurred to any one else, and gave proper expression to them.

The old clock in the hall had just struck one as I finished my last cigar, and, rising, I stretched myself and announced my intention of going to bed.

I had noticed that Frank had been rather thoughtful all the evening, and had made up my mind that he was keeping something from me—something that he did not care to tell me.

This was the more extraordinary as I knew that we were such firm friends, and a did not think that we had ever had a secret from each other in all our lives. Now, as I stood with my back to the fire whistling softly to myself and looking quietly at him as he lay back in his arm-chair gazing thoughtfully at the flickering blaze, I felt more than ever convinced that he had some secret which I did not share.

I must confess that I felt annoyed at this, for, as I have said, there is nothing I detest more than mystery.

All at once, while I stood looking at him, he glanced up at me, and said quickly—

"Ted, I want to tell you something."

I merely uttered a self satisfied "Ah!" and inwardly complimented myself upon my penetration.

Frank went on slowly—

"You saw that young lady who drove you here this afternoon, Ted?"

Where was the necessity for Frank to ask me if I had seen that young lady when I had been her companion during the whole of a long country drive? However, I attributed this folly on his part to a desire to gain time, and therefore merely answered that I had.

"What did you think of her?" was Frank's next inquiry.

This question was somewhat abrupt. How did he expect me to be able to tell him exactly what I thought of a young lady whom I had seen only once in my life? I like to arrive at my conclusions slowly and naturally, and not "rush" them. Not being prepared with a proper answer therefore, I said that I did not know, but that I supposed she was rather nice.

"I am glad you think that," said Frank, with a smile, as he leaned forward in his chair towards me, "because, Ted, she is to be my wife."

How stupid I must have been not to have thought of it before! It was all clear now. I shook hands with Frank, and said I was very glad, and really felt quite relieved now that it was off my mind. Then he showed me to my room, and I went to bed.

I remember getting up in the morning filled with an unreasoning dislike for this little sweetheart of Frank's. I had come down to Cornwall for an enjoyable holiday, believing that I should have Frank all to myself, and I found him taken possession of by this peculiar girl, who was an utter stranger to me.

Then I wondered how it was that she had fallen in love with Frank. Certainly he was a very nice fellow, and good-looking, too.

From that I grew to wondering how it was that Frank had fallen in love with her, after that, why he should have fallen in love with anybody at all. I certainly thought that he might have asked me about it first. Then I gave it all up as a problem too difficult to solve, and went down to breakfast.

Frank was sitting at the table looking over the morning's letters, and he asked me, as I entered the room, what was my programme for the day.

I told him that he might do with me as he liked—I had come down to enjoy myself, and really did not care at all what I did or where I went.

"I was about to propose," said Frank, glancing at me nervously, "that we should go to see Miss Browning this morning.

"Who on earth is Miss Browning?" I asked peevishly.

"Don't you know?" rejoined my brother, raising his eyebrows and laughing gaily. "Why, you were talking about her last night! Surely you have not forgotten all about my little sweetheart already, Ted?"

I muttered something about not knowing her name, and then sat down to breakfast, feeling more annoyed than ever.

If Frank wanted to fall in love, why could he not keep his sweetheart to himself, and not want to drag all his relations after her, whether they liked it or not? I asked myself this question over and over again, until at last I turned to him, and said, somewhat sharply, I am afraid—

"Look here—if you want to go spooning this morning, you won't want me—I shall only be in your way. If you'd like to go and see Miss Browning, go by all means, and I'll take a walk and have a smoke by myself."

"But I promised Kate that I would bring you over to see her this morning," said my brother; "and I know she'll be awfully disappointed if you don't go. Come now, Ted—I should really like you to know her; I am sure you will like her!"

Well, to cut the matter short, I prom-

ised to go; and presently we set out along the dusty road.

As I write this now, in the cool evening and with the faint hum of busy city life coming up to me from the street below, that scene rises for a moment before my eyes, like some old well remembered picture.

I see the long white dusty road, my brother moving slowly by my side on his crutches, and in the distance a figure leaning over a white gate and presently waving its hand to us.

Then the gate is pushed open, and the figure comes towards us into the sunshine. As the light falls upon her, I see that it is Frank's sweetheart. I do not know what her attire was, but I remember that she looked very cool and daintily dressed. I remember, too, that Frank introduced me, and that I murmured the usual commonplaces about the weather.

I know that, of three, she seemed to be the most self possessed. I liked her very much indeed. She was so fresh and innocent compared with other girls whom I had known.

We were soon the best of friends, and she asked me laughingly if I would mind her calling me "Ted."

"I said that I should be delighted; and indeed I felt so.

I remember that my last thought, as I fell asleep that night, was that Frank was a very lucky fellow.

We met often after that. It became quite a regular thing for Frank and myself to stroll down that long dusty road in the early morning to see his pretty little sweetheart.

He used to tell me, as we walked along together, of how he had first met her, of his happiness when he found that she loved him, of his great love for her, and of a thousand other things that always had her for their central figure.

He told me, too, of the brightness that had come with her into his solitary existence, and of how he seemed to live for her and in her alone. I know, too, that I thought the more of her and liked her the better for his sake and for the light she shed upon his darkened way.

If there sprang up any other feeling for her in my breast at that time, Heaven knows I was not aware of it! That I liked her—better than any other girl—I felt perfectly sure; but I always looked upon her as Frank's promised wife.

One day, towards the close of my visit, I went out, at Frank's request, alone. If I remember rightly, he was painting a picture at that time, and was anxious for its completion. It was the first time I had been out without my brother by my side, and I greatly missed his bright smiling face and cheery voice. He had asked me to go and see Miss Browning and tell her the reason for his not leaving his studio that day, and I had gladly accepted the commission.

As I neared the end of the lane, I saw that no familiar figure was leaning over the gate. I do not know how it was, but the sun did not seem half so bright, or the song of the birds in the quiet tranquil morning air half so sweet and full as I had thought them a moment before.

I walked up to the little white gate and pushed it open. I was as free of the place by this time as if I had been a member of the household. Walking quickly among the trees in the direction of the house, I suddenly caught the gleam of a white dress among the bushes.

Kate was seated in a sort of alcove that lay back among the thickest of the trees, and which, with the exception of the white edge of her dress, hid her from view.

I was about to speak to her, when my ears caught a sound that caused me to stop suddenly.

Peering among the bushes, I saw her in the alcove upon her knees, with her head upon the little rustic seat, sobbing as if her heart would break, while, pressed close to her breast, she held a tiny bunch of faded roses that I remembered to have given her the day before.

In that brief moment I seemed to see into my own heart for the first time, and I knew that I loved Frank's promised wife with a greater love than I had ever known before, and that she loved me in return. Then, I am glad to say, I turned away and went noiselessly from the old garden and out again upon the dusty road.

How far I walked that sunny summer morning I do not know. I do know that I reached home late for dinner, and felt like some criminal while Frank laughingly asked me what I had been doing with myself all day and where I had been.

I know that I felt utterly miserable for his sake, and that I felt a lump rising in my throat every time I glanced towards him or heard his cheery voice when he spoke of his little sweetheart Kate.

After dinner I excused myself, as Frank had some letters to write, and sauntered out again. I wanted to think it all over and get clear about it somehow. I hardly know what I thought or what I wished. I left the road and went through the old village street towards the sea. Here, with the waves tumbling on the margin of the shingly beach and the quiet moon rising over the restless waters, I felt calmer than I had done all the day.

I had seated myself on a boulder, and was looking out to sea, thinking of it all and of the change that had come into my life, when I heard a step on the loose stones, and, turning, saw Frank's sweetheart coming towards me.

As I rose to meet her, and noted how pale she looked and her evident surprise at seeing me there, she gave me her hand, and said quietly—

"Why did you not come to see me this ning?"

Still looking steadily at her, I said—

"I did come to see you."

Something in my manner or my look, or both, must have told her that I knew all—that I had seen her that morning weeping over my faded flowers. She turned away for a moment, and I thought I heard her murmur my brother's name.

Then she turned again to me, and, except that her face was paler even than before, she seemed as composed as usual.

"Ted," she said gravely, her voice lower and sweeter than I had ever heard it before, "I want to speak to you—I want to tell you something."

We stood side by side now, looking at the tide creeping among the pebbles on the margin of the shore.

"Ted," she repeated, in the same low sweet tones, "years ago, in a quiet little village near the sea, there lived a man, an artist. His was a lonely monotonous life, for he was cut off from all the pleasures that are so dear to a young and healthy man—he was a cripple.

"His enforced loneliness had embittered his life, and, of all the friends whom compassion at least would have drawn to his side, he clung to one alone—his brother. They were all in all to each other, these two, and loved each other with an affection that in this hard cynical world of ours can scarcely be realised.

"In this village to which he had withdrawn himself lived a girl—only an ordinary sort of girl—who tried to do her duty always, and to make the lives of those around her happier and brighter than she found them.

"Well, to cut a long story short, he loved her, and finally asked her to be his wife; and she, with that love for him which was akin to pity, promised to love him always and to do her best to brighten his life.

"Heavens knows how she tried to do it, too, and had her reward in his boundless love for her and in the light that shone in his pain-worn face.

"But about this time the brother whom he loved so well came to visit him; and the girl, seeing and becoming acquainted with the stranger, came to know that the love she had given to the poor cripple was as nothing compared with that which she felt for this elder brother, who first won her heart by his gentle protecting kindness to the man to whom she had plighted her troth.

"She tried to guard this knowledge and to keep it secret from the brother most of all; but, by an accident, he found it out"—here she glanced at me for an instant, and then looked again at the restless sea.

"Then she did what no one else would perhaps have thought of doing. Full of trust and confidence in the man whom she loved so well, she went to him and begged him not to betray her secret, but, for the sake of his younger brother, who loved her so dearly, to help her to do her duty.

"She pointed out to him how she had become a part of the poor cripple's life, how he clung to her as the one bright spot on all his dark and troubled way, and asked him to help her to forget the love that had almost shadowed one life, or, at best, only to remember it as a dream—a dream that might never become a reality; and he promised to do this, for the sake of the younger brother whom he loved."

As she finished speaking, she turned and laid her hands upon my arm, and the eyes that looked into mine in the moonlight were wet with tears.

I saw it all clearly now. I saw the road that I must travel alone to the end—a road that was brightened only by the memory of a good woman's love. Something in my breast made me sink upon my knees before her and press her hand to my lips before I turned away and left her standing in the light of the moon.

* * * * * *

Frank never knew—never even guessed; and they were married soon after.

For myself, I have traveled a good deal since then, and am perhaps, all things considered, the better for it. I know a certain old house on the coast of Cornwall with a restful air about it, especially to a bachelor, to which little children—one of them so very like what Kate must have been when a child—are always ready to welcome "uncle Ted."

I have even strolled down that long dusty road with her—their mother—as I used to do years ago. Heaven bless her. And our secret has always remained locked in our breasts—"a secret for two."

A Woman's Hand.

BY W. D.

I CANNOT say exactly when my attention was first attracted to it, or how long I had unconsciously watched it, without feeling that there was anything strange or unaccountable in its presence there.

But, from the moment I did take conscious notice of its movements, I was fascinated. I used to watch for it, and wonder what might be the semblance of the hidden figure of whose existence it was the only outward and visible sign.

It was the hand of a woman, small, white, beautifully shaped, with just a glimpse of a round, well-turned wrist. I used to see it appear from behind a white lace curtain to open and close a latticed window on the first-floor opposite the room in which I sat and worked. I must have seen it many times before its mysterious significance dawned upon me.

It was on a Sunday evening that I made this discovery. The hand was longer than usual in finding and fastening the window latch.

Then it suddenly occurred to me that, though I had lived opposite that house for six weeks and could see from my window every one who went in and came out, I had never seen anyone who could possibly be the owner of that hand enter the house or leave it.

I had seen a tall, gaunt, powerfully framed man, with a serious air and a grim look, always most respectably dressed in black, come in and go out; and I took him to be a Dissenting Minister.

I had seen a thin, gray-haired, pathetic-looking woman, who wore spectacles and was evidently deaf, from the loud tones in which she was addressed, come and stand at the door and tend the roses that trailed in festoons over the porch, and I put her down as the man's wife.

I had also occasionally seen in the passage, when the door was open, a coarse-featured, broad built woman of middle age, who looked half-charwoman half general servant.

But I had seen no one in the house or in the village who could by any possibility be the owner of that very shapely little hand.

It was a quaint, quiet, old world village, which had once been a town of some size and importance. There were remnants of its ancient state still extant—a ruined monastery, a venerable guild-hall, vestiges of old walls and ramparts, and three crumbling, ivy-covered gateways, which had once guarded the approaches from land and sea.

It was the happy hunting ground of artists, who flooded the water-color exhibitions with "views," and "bits," and "impressions," of the picturesque old place and its unique surroundings.

I had come down for change and rest, and had rooms in a cosy cottage, two hundred years old, which was only parted by the breadth of the roadway from the long, low, two-storied house that held the mystery of the woman's hand.

The thick white lace curtains were always drawn completely across this upper window; letting in light enough, no doubt, but entirely concealing from the eyes of an outsider whatever the room may have contained.

It was only in the evening, as a rule, that I saw the mysterious hand. My bedroom looked in another direction, over a narrow lane—dividing my cottage from the spacious, ill-kept churchyard, where the sheep and lambs grazed among the graves.

The latticed window was always open when I came down in the morning. But once or twice, when a sudden storm of rain drove against the front of the house in the daytime, I saw the hand appear from behind the curtain and close the casement.

At first curiosity burst the bounds of restraint and I asked my landlady, who lived over the way?

"Mr. William Burton and his wife," she replied.

"No one else?"

She looked at me curiously, but made no reply.

"Do they live alone?" I asked, with as good an assumption of carelessness as I could call up.

"Yes sir, with a woman to do the work of the house."

"No lodgers, have they?"

"Well, sir, there is a lady there I believe. She's a bit crazy and given to drink, I've been told, and her friends have put her under Mr. William Burton's care. You see, sir, he's been used to that kind of thing, and is licensed to keep them half-and-half sort o' lunatics.

"But really, sir, I knows very little about the lady, I never set eyes on her, and Mr. William Burton and his wife are very close. They don't associate with none o' their neighbors."

"Is she young, this lady?"

"That I can't tell you, sir. It was a pitch-dark winter night when she came, though I saw the fly drive up and her get out, with William Burton and another gent, I couldn't tell you what she was like; and she's never been out o' the house to my knowledge since she came—unless she goes out in the garden at the back that runs down to the edge of the cliff, and no one can see over them high walls."

"How long has she been here?"

"Well, gettin' on for four months. But may I ask, sir, have you seen her?"

"No, I can hardly say that I have, but I fancied I saw a lady's figure at the window, this morning that's all."

"Ah! well, that would be her, no doubt, sir; though no one but yourself, so far as I know, has ever set eyes on her."

There my inquiries ended. I had gained all the information my landlady had to give. It was not much, but it was enough to destroy the romantic illusion I had conjured up.

A poor, crazy dipsomaniac! Not much romance attaching to such a history! And yet that hand! I could not divest myself of the belief that it must belong to a beautiful woman.

I found myself wondering more than ever what she was like—whether drink and madness had wrecked the beauty of the face which, I felt certain, must have been the fitting accompaniment to that dainty, exquisite, white hand.

* * * * * *

It was about ten days after this conversation with my landlady, that something happened which made the mystery surrounding the hand deeper and darker than before.

I have said that my bed room window looked over a narrow lane into the churchyard. I had opened the lattice one night, and was leaning with my arms on the ledge, looking up at the star-spangled sky.

The church clock had just struck midnight. The air was still and hushed, as if Nature were holding her breath. I could hear no sound but the song of a nightingale in a thicket on the cliff. The village was asleep; every house was dark and silent. I had extinguished my own light, that I might the better enjoy the darkness.

As I leaned there, gazing dreamily into the night, I suddenly heard soft, quick footsteps pattering along the grassy edge of the lane, and, presently, the sound of panting breath.

It was so dark that I could not see whether the approaching creature were human or not. It passed right under my open window and I could just detect that it was a human figure.

At the corner of the house was an oil lamp projecting from the wall—one of the public lights of the village—the figure turned just as it reached the lamp and looked round as if to see if any one was pursuing.

It was a woman. I saw the face distinctly—a wild, white, haggard face, with large dark eyes. I could see that the shape of the face was oval—that the features were regular and delicately cut. But it was the look—the hunted look—the look of terror—in the face, that impressed me most and stamped itself indelibly on my memory.

It was but for an instant that I saw it. In another instant face and figure had disappeared round the gable of the cottage and

were lost to me. But I felt certain that the woman whom I had seen was the owner of the mysterious hand.

Was she beautiful? Did she realise my expectations? I could not tell. All I knew was that never on any human face had I seen such a ghastly look of mingled terror and pain.

The next morning I saw the doctor come out of the opposite house. He looked serious, and so did Mr. William Burton, who accompanied him to the door. In the passage I could see Mrs. Burton standing, with the usual wistful, pathetic expression of her face intensified.

It was evident, therefore, that neither husband nor wife was the doctor's patient. It must, then, be the mysterious lady of the white hand. I wondered what ailed her, and, remembering the look of pain I had seen on her face, whether her ailment, whatever it might be, were connected with her strange midnight outing.

Were the Burtons aware that their carefully-watched lodger had escaped from duress? Or was it with their connivance that she had left the house? If not, how had she succeeded in quitting and entering it without detection?

I worried myself to no purpose with these problems. I felt that it was absurd to let a matter which was no business of mine cause me so much restlessness and anxiety. Yet I could not help it, a strange fascination drew me on.

I watched more eagerly and intently than ever for the hand at the window. But it never came. Once or twice, indeed, an arm and hand appeared from between the curtains, but they were lean and wrinkled, and I had no difficulty in assigning them to Mrs. Burton. I grew ridiculously fidgety and disquieted over the absence of the hand.

I could gain no further information from my landlady. She had seen the doctor come and go, and, like myself, had concluded that his patient was the strange lady, but the doctor, of course, kept his professional secrets to himself, and the Burtons were not people to be questioned about their private affairs—so that nobody was any wiser than myself.

At night, keeping in the shadow, I used to walk slowly up and down in my slippers on my own side of the road, smoking, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of the owner of that hand. But never a sign of life came from that silent and darkened casement.

It was about a fortnight after the strange midnight apparition in the lane, that, as I watched the window one evening, I saw the curtains suddenly parted, and an arm was stretched towards the heap of the open lattice.

There was no mistake about the arm, white and round and shapely. But the hand, the hand! It was swathed in surgical bandages. As I stared in wonder, the injured hand was suddenly withdrawn and the other hand, its pretty fellow, unclasped the lattice and closed it.

I saw no more, but I had seen enough to afford food for hours of distracting speculation. The hand which had first appeared had evidently been severely injured.

What had happened? Had the injury anything to do with the pain and terror I saw stamped on her face that memorable night? How was I to find out? I could not rest till I knew the truth—till I had solved this mystery, which had become of such surpassing and unaccountable interest to me.

Later on, when night had fallen, I was pacing slowly up and down the strip of grass in front of my rooms, smoking as usual, and casting furtive glances at the window haunted by that mysterious hand, when suddenly my ear caught the click of the latch.

I looked up, and could see that the lattice was being slowly and stealthily pushed open. I stood still, my eyes riveted on the moving lattice. Then my heart gave a great jump, for something fell with a soft thud at my feet. I stooped to pick it up.

It was a small parcel wrapped in paper. I looked up again at the lattice—it was closed—all was dark within, and there was no sign of life or motion.

But I had a strange consciousness that a pair of large, dark eyes were somewhere straining their gaze through the gloom to watch my movements.

I hurried indoors, and examining the parcel by the light of my lamp, found that it was loosely wrapped in brown paper. On taking off the outer covering, I found a small oblong box of cardboard, about four inches in length and one in breadth. It was carefully and neatly tied with string, sealed with sealing wax, and, enfolding it, was a note written in bold characters, which contained the following words:

I do not know who you are, but you look like a gentleman, and I think from your face you may be trusted. I beg and implore you, therefore, to dispatch this little parcel for me by post, and not to breathe a syllable to any one as to how you came by it. The honor of a woman who trusts you is involved in your silence. Please do not attempt to find out who I am or try to communicate with me. I do not wish you to do so. All I ask is that you will hang your handkerchief in the window when you have executed my commission and that you will respect my wish to remain unknown to you, even by sight."

Twice I read over this request. Then I looked at the little cardboard box. The name and address startled me. It was addressed to an English nobleman in Paris.

I thought it advisable to run up to London to post it, as I had no desire that it should ever be traced to me. I therefore registered it at the General Post Office, under a false name, and returned to my village quarters the same night.

I paced under the window for an hour, but no sight or sound rewarded my patience in the least. The next morning I hung my handkerchief in the window of my room, and waited to see if there would be any acknowledgement of the signal.

Presently the hand appeared through the curtain and opened the lattice. I fancied that as it was withdrawn there was a kind of gesture with the fingers, as if in recognition and thanks, made in my direction. But it may have been only fancy.

During the next few days I saw the hand as usual, but no further light was thrown upon the mystery attached to it until more than a week after I had posted the little cardboard box and then I received a shock which startled me more than anything that has ever happened to me in my life.

I was lazily scanning my daily paper after breakfast when my eyes lighted on the following, in the letter of the Paris correspondent:

"Whilst in the tragic vein let me mention a strange, mysterious and horrible incident, at present totally unexplained. A week ago an English nobleman arrived in Paris with his bride on their honeymoon trip, and put up at the Hotel de Flandres. On the morning after their arrival the nobleman found on his breakfast table a little box, which had come by post, wrapped in thick paper and sealed with green wax. The bridegroom asked the attendant for a pair of scissors, and unsuspectingly opened the little parcel, with his wife looking over his shoulder. To the horror of both, the parcel contained the annular finger of a woman, cut sharply across. On the ghastly finger was a small seal ring, on which was engraved the words, De Profundis.

"The bridegroom went as pale as death, the bride fainted. It is said that on her recovery there was a most painful scene between them. She could be heard sobbing hysterically, whilst he paced up and down the room, evidently in a state of great agitation. A few hours later he called for the bill, and with his bride left the hotel. They drove to the Gare-du-Nord, and there it is said they parted. Gossips say that two years ago the nobleman had a love affair with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a Polish exile in England, and was betrothed to her. Does this supply the one to the mystery? It is probably what may never be known in Paris, or at least at any of the clubs, where, it is the subject of so much gossip to day."

My agitation on reading this paragraph will be understood when I say that the parcel which I had despatched for my mysterious lady of the hand was addressed to an English nobleman at the Hotel de Flandres, and further that it was sealed with green sealing-wax!

There could be no doubt that the ghastly package which had produced such tragic results was the one which I had registered and posted with my own hands.

And then there was that bandaged hand seen for a moment at the window! There must be a finger missing from that white and shapely hand! I thought with a shudder. Was it an act of self-mutilation?

Was it a frenzied woman's last revenge upon the man who had wronged her? On the first morning of his honeymoon too! How fiendishly well-timed! But how had she, immured in this secluded spot, learned so accurately all the movements of her faithless lover.

What was the mystery of that secret midnight expedition of hers? Where had she been and what had she done that night, to bring that awful look of pain and terror into her face?

With a kind of freezing horror I watched all day for the hand to glide between the curtains. It had a stronger fascination for me than ever. But I watched in vain. I never saw that hand again.

The next day I was summoned to London on urgent business. A week elapsed before I returned to my country retreat. The first thing I did when I arrived at my rooms was to look up at the window which I had learned to associate with so much mystery and horror.

To my surprise the curtains were gone and there was a man in the room evidently engaged in papering and painting. I asked my landlady casually if the lady over the way had gone.

"Yes," she replied, "she was took away two nights ago in a closed carriage—a private carriage, with a pair of horses; there was two gentlemen, I believe, came for her, but where they came from or where they went I can't tell you, sir."

And that was all. Had she been conveyed to a lunatic asylum? Was she mad? Did she ever learn how terribly the revenge, in securing which I had been her unwitting instrument, had succeeded? I can give no answer to any of these questions.

The mystery of the woman's hand is unsolved. All I know is that she took a horrible and devilish revenge upon the man she hated and on his innocent young bride. Her wrongs must have been great indeed if they were to be measured by the cruelty of her vengeance.

OMENS CRIMINALS DREAD.—"Superstition plays a far greater part among criminals than many people imagine," says an authority on the subject.

"Burglars, for instance, are firm believers in talismans and luck-bringers, and nearly every professional burglar has some small article upon which he pins his faith, and without which he rarely sets out upon a 'crib cracking' job.

"Again; not one burglar in fifty will venture out on a house-breaking expedition on the night of a new moon.

"Some burglars have lively horrors of certain numbers, and will never enter a house or a shop which is that particular number in its street. The ominous figures are generally those of the policemen who were the first to capture the burglars.

"On the other hand, if a burglar falls into the arms of a policeman, but manages to escape, the number of that policeman is always a favorite with him.

"Even the most experienced burglar will turn away from the house where he finds a black cat sitting upon the doorstep, though he may have spent days in learning particulars about the house and its inmates. Neither will he enter a house where the door knocker is muffled or draped with crape.

"Pickpockets are even more superstitious. It is one of their rules never to pick the pocket of a cross-eyed or club-footed person.

"Finding a twisted coin in a purse will frequently induce a pickpocket to throw away the purse and all it contains, for such a thing, if kept, is considered to ensure nine months' bad luck or an early arrest.

"When pickpockets start out upon their rounds they look anxiously for the first policeman, and will not begin operations upon the most tempting pocket before they have seen him.

"If his back be turned they believe that they have a good and safe time before them; while if he be coming or even looking towards them, they will generally give up the idea of thieving for the whole day."

ROAD RIGHTS IN GERMANY.—Foreigners who visit Berlin will do well to observe that rule of etiquette which precludes a person when out driving or riding from passing people of high rank.

Thus, a stranger, an American, it is said, was arrested the other day in the Thier garten, for having ventured to drive past the carriage conveying the young Crown Prince and his brother on their daily drive.

The royal vehicle was proceeding at a relatively slow pace, and, as the stranger was driving a pair of spirited horses, he saw no harm in driving past and ahead of the princes.

This rule has always prevailed with regard to military officers, a young lieutenant or captain never venturing to give his dust to his major or his colonel, whilst the latter, in his turn, is content to follow in the wake of his general.

At Home and Abroad.

The Dakotas, Montana and Wyoming are the States in which the most wonderful specimen of American reptile is found a snake which is able to mimic the call of any of the bird family. One which some Government naturalists were recently watching imitated the call of the Bob White to perfection. While the serpent was under surveillance it coiled itself up in the long prairie grass, swelled the parts about the neck and head to about twice their usual size and emitted several bird calls as plainly as the feathered musicians themselves could have done.

In Ceylon and neighboring countries on the mainland of Asia there is a race of diminutive oxen, which never grow to more than two and a half feet in height, while sometimes they are considerably smaller than that. Nevertheless they are strong, swift in movement, and very enduring. They are employed to draw small two-wheeled carts, with comparatively light loads, which require to be driven long distances quickly. The little oxen keep on a steady run or trot all the time, and it is related that they have been known to travel one hundred miles within twenty-four hours, without food or water.

At the present rate, there will soon not be a single crowned head in Europe exempt from the cycle mania, save Queen Victoria. The latest are the Prince of Wales, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the German Emperor. The Empress of Austria has taken to the wheel. King Alexander of Servia's performances on the bicycle excite no little admiration by reason of his endurance and speed. The Czar of Russia is an enthusiastic cyclist, as are also his uncle, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and his cousin, Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. Both King Humbert and Queen Margaret ride. King Leopold of Belgium rides a bicycle, and a year ago sustained two or three very severe falls.

Oak can be put to the greatest variety of uses, but as a matter of fact pine wood is most used. It is largely used in ship and house carpentry, and is adaptable to so many purposes and is so abundant that it has come into almost universal requisition. Common turpentine is extracted from it, as are also tar, pitch, resin and lamp black. Fishermen make ropes of the inner bark and the Kamtchatkans and Laplanders steep the latter in water to make a coarse kind of bread. The oil obtained from the shoots of the dwarf pine is used medicinally by the peasants of Hungary; while the soft-grained silver fir is used for the sounding boards of musical instruments, and the Germans employ it almost exclusively for toy making. Pine is used mostly in the manufacture of lucifer matches.

Miss Elizabeth L. Banks, the young American girl who lately gave the English public a "new shiver" by publishing in the London papers the results of her investigations of certain phases of English life, thus describes her methods: "I had been visiting in London and I had spent all my money. I was 'broke.' I made up my mind that I had to get money, and get it quick, and to get reputation and get it quick. So I thought for awhile, and then advertised for a place as housemaid. I had 180 answers. I went to two places, staying a week in each, and then I wrote my articles, describing the English housemaid's life. Then I advertised for an introduction into the British aristocracy, stating that I was an American heiress. I had 85 answers to that, written with the utmost candor on crested paper, giving credentials and all that. I have destroyed all the letters and have never divulged any of the names."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

BY E. M. W.

"REALLY, I wonder whether you youngsters can manage to amuse yourselves for once?" said father one morning. "Your mother and I are bound to go to Bramouth to see a house. Nurse will be obliged to stay with baby all day; and Miss Turner has sent a note to say she is not well."

Of course, we wanted to go to the sea, and we would rather have stopped in bed all day than prevent father and mother going.

"May we have a real picnic, mother, all by ourselves?" I asked.

"Certainly, if you promise not to go out of the grounds. You may go as far as the last fence, and come in when you are tired."

It was lovely fun packing up. Such nice little sandwiches mother made, and dear old cook added hard-boiled eggs, biscuits, and strawberries.

We put them all into the mail-cart and fastened them in with a strap, little thinking how useful that strap would be.

"Shall we take Tess?" Lily said to nurse.

"No, dear, I think you had better not. I will send her to fetch you when I want you to come in."

At the bottom of our garden there was a wire fence with a small gate which led into what we called the wilderness.

We generally had two or three cows and a pony grazing there. At the bottom of the hill was another low fence, and on the other side of that was a narrow path and a [illegible].

This was pretty wide and deep in the winter, but if we had a long spell of dry weather it became merely a narrow strip of water with a broad border of mud.

We were always allowed to do what we liked in the wilderness, but we were not allowed to go the other side of the second wire fence without permission.

We spent the morning happily enough in the wilderness. It was a smoking-hot day, and I will confess now that we both went fast asleep after dinner.

It must have been pretty late in the afternoon when Lily said—

"What shall we do next, Jack?"

"Let's drive to Bramouth to meet father," I said.

In a few minutes we had taken the strap off the mail cart, fastened it round the end of a felled tree, and were driving as fast as timber could take us to the seaside.

I was so intent on managing my frisky horse, that I could only look straight before me, as every driver should.

Lily was sitting behind me, holding up a Japanese umbrella, which unfortunately had a good deal of bright color about it. Suddenly she dropped it, put both arms round my waist, and screamed—

"The bull, Jack; the bull!"

I suppose it was the sudden jerk; anyhow, our horse threw us both. In other words, Lily and I rolled off the great trunk and lay on the grass, the side farthest from the animal.

We kept quite still for a few minutes; then as we didn't see any horns appearing over the top of our wooden horse, I took courage and peeped over.

I saw nothing but a cow grazing peacefully close at hand, and told Lily that I thought she must have made mistake. But Lily was frightened, and declared that if we tried to go through the wilderness again, we should be tossed.

"Let's creep down to the fence and walk by the side of the stream till we come to Mrs. Campbell's gate. I am sure she will let us walk through her grounds, and then we can go home by the road."

So you see the mischief began. Probably we should have got home all right, by the edge of the stream, if I had not caught sight of something glittering in the mud.

"Look, Lily," I said, "do you see that thing shining? No, not there, close down to the water. I wonder what it is."

"Oh, Jack," cried Lily, dancing with excitement, "I wonder whether it is mother's bracelet. Do go and fetch it."

Without stopping to think, I ran forward. Slush, slush! What a horrid noise my feet made in the mud; but I dragged them out, leaving my shoes and socks behind, and clutched at the bright thing, which proved indeed to be the bracelet that mother had lost one day when fishing in the stream.

I was only about eight years old, and stupidly thought that I ought to step in same footmarks when I went back, although they were now little holes full of water.

The result was that I sank up to my knees and could not pull my legs out at all.

How Lily shrieked! I began to feel dreadful too.

"Fly, fly for the strap!" I cried, quite forgetting Lily's "bull." And Lily forgot it too, and tore through the gate and into the wilderness. Suddenly I heard a deep bark. How my heart beat. It was our dear St. Bernard.

In another minute Tess vaulted over the fence just as Lily came through the gate, strap in hand. Fortunately, the strap had been buckled round when I used it as a rein.

"Give it to Tess!" I cried.

The dog seized it in her strong jaws, then I called her. She came near enough for me to catch hold of the strap, and then, quite understanding it all, she turned round and literally pulled me out of the mud.

I didn't lose the bracelet, for I kept firm hold of it with my teeth, though it did not taste very nice.

Tess died many long years ago, but the strap still hangs in my study, as a memorial of her obedience and our disobedience.

WHAT THE MONKEY FOUND.

BY H. A.

JOCKO was a monkey who thought a great deal of himself. As for the birds, he despised them.

What could birds do? he thought. It was true they could fly, but he could jump. Birds were weak little things that it was easy to frighten away from the fruit.

"Go away, little birds," he would say. "Birds can do nothing."

"Oh, yes, we can fly and sing," the little birds would say.

"But can you hang from the branches by your tails like this?" Jocko would answer. "Go away, you squeaky little things! I'd like to see a bird catch hold of a branch and swing by its tail. You can't. Well, then, be off, and leave that fruit to me."

So you see Jocko was a very selfish monkey, and he thought everybody and everything were made for his comfort.

He slept up in a tree, so in the mornings he did not get up, but he got down. Then he brushed his hair behind his human-looking ears, and admired his reflection in a little round pool like a mirror.

"Get away, little birds," he would say. "You must not come drinking here. I want to brush my hair with my beautiful brown fingers. Oh, what a very handsome monkey I am! This pool is my looking-glass, and it belongs to me."

After that he sometimes went out for a picnic all by himself, and he took care to find something nice to sit on while he ate his dinner.

One day in a wild desert place he found a large heap of feathers on the sand.

"I wonder what is this," said Jocko. "I should not be surprised if it were a bundle of birds. Anyhow, it will do nicely for me to sit on and make myself comfortable."

Down he sat, and began eating his fruit.

"What a soft feather bed!" he said. "How pleasant it is to sit down on a bundle of nasty little birds!"

Just then there was a stir in the sand at some distance in front of the heap of feathers, and a head came up with a large beak, and looked round at Jocko.

"Well, who are you?" said the monkey.

"Who are you?" said the head with the [illegible]

Jocko went on munching his fruit, and said—

"That's no business of yours. At present I am the owner of this heap of feathers. I found it first, and I am going to remain just where I am, sitting on it, whether you want it or not."

"Well, I hope you are comfortable," said the beak.

"Oh, very," said Jocko.

"But I am not," said the beak, "and I am going to get up and go away."

"How many legs have you got?" said Jocko.

"Only two," said the beak; "I am a bird."

Jocko laughed out loud.

"Be off then," he said; "I am not keeping you." For he had no idea that the heap of feathers was joined to the head by a long neck almost hidden in the sand.

"Birds are the silliest things I ever knew; they can't do anything. You need not ask my permission if you want to go, my little friend. I shall want this heap of feathers for an hour yet, it is so comfortable. I shall get on so nicely without you."

Then up came the neck out of the sand.

"I daresay you like to sit there, but I am not going to be sat upon," said the beak.

The monkey shrieked, "Oh! Oh! What's that?"

He was thrown on his back.

The heap of feathers moved and sprang up. Jocko clung to the neck of the ostrich—for that was the owner of the beak and the heap of feathers—began to run off with him at such a wild pace that he stuck on for his life, yelling all the way—

"Stop! Stop! I shall never say anything about the birds again! Stop! stop! I don't like it at all!"

"Oh, but I do," said the ostrich, and went with long strides as fast as the wind.

On and on they went at a tremendous pace, and poor Jocko thought they were never going to stop at all.

He was crushed in between the ostrich's neck and back, so that he could scarcely breathe, and the jolting was something dreadful.

At last, when the ostrich gave him a chance, Jocko slipped off and fell on the sand, where he sat trying to get his breath again, and shaking his head slowly as if he did not want to stir just yet after such a narrow escape.

"Would you like another ride?" said the ostrich.

"No, thank you," said the monkey, gasping, and afraid not to be polite. "I don't think I would like any more to-day. Thank you so much."

When the ostrich had called out "Good-bye" and gone away at full speed, Jocko peeped round cautiously.

Then he picked himself up, and smoothed out his beautiful brown hair, when he found that the ostrich was not to be seen anywhere.

Then he carefully felt himself all over to see if any bones were broken. No, fortunately, he was quite sound, and, except for some bruises, he had hardly sustained any damage at all.

"And so that was a bird," he said with great surprise, rubbing his elbows tenderly; "I never knew that little birds grew up like that. I must be very careful in speaking to them, or what will become of me when they grow big?"

And after that Jocko was always rather timid and very much more respectful in speaking to the birds (even the smallest of them); and you may be sure that he never again sat down upon anything without knowing what it was.

USED AS COIN.—Almost every age and tribe, as well as every epoch, has had its peculiar currency, or medium of barter and exchange.

For a long time salt was the ordinary money of the Abyssinians. Dried fish has long been; and is even to-day to a certain extent, the legal tender of Iceland.

In the interior towns of Northern China slips of the bark of the mulberry tree, bearing the Imperial "chop" and a stamp which denotes their worth, have long been used as we use bank notes.

Marco Polo found this kind of money there in his time, and they still have an extensive local circulation.

In some of the small villages of Scotland laborers formerly carried nails in their pockets with which to pay for the day's supply of bread and ale, just as the native Australian divests himself of a string of beads for the purchase of some coveted luxury.

A Scottish missionary to a group of small islands in the South Pacific found bits of red flannel circulating as money. This currency came to them in a curious manner.

The body of a ship-wrecked sailor had drifted ashore, and to the untutored savages, who had never before seen clothing of any kind, his red flannel shirt was an object of wonder and admiration.

By common consent they cut the garment into pieces, which thenceforth became the currency of the island.

THE best part of human qualities is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minutiæ of the social virtues. Some ridicule these feminine attributes, which are left out of many men's natures; but the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent, have been known to possess these qualities—the braggart, the weak never! Benevolence and feeling ennoble the most trifling actions.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The French fetes in honor of the Czar cost nearly $1,000,000.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

A New Castle, Del., fisherman has gone to church for the first time in ten years, in fulfillment of a lost election bet.

A man in Jacksonville, Fla., has a colony of 500 gophers which he hopes to sell to winter visitors who love gopher stew.

It is a strange fact that no insect or worm is ever seen upon the eucalyptus-tree, or in the earth penetrated by its roots.

Amsterdam will have next year an international exhibition of hotel arrangements and accommodation for travelers.

Chicago claims to have in Robert Theodore Hausen the youngest newsboy in the world. He is only twenty-one months old.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic Sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.

Although the Suez Canal is only ninety-nine miles long, it reduces the distance from Britain to India, by sea, nearly 4000 miles.

The 'possums are disappearing so fast in Georgia that a bill for their protection between March 1 and October 1 has been introduced in the Legislature.

The idea in Hamburg seems to be that a dog is a nuisance anyhow, and the bigger the dog the bigger the nuisance, so the authorities tax a dog according to its size.

At the beginning of this century a most peculiar cholera remedy was in use in Persia. It consisted in wadding up a leaf from the Koran and forcing it down the patient's throat.

On the new Jungfrau Railway no passengers will be accepted until examined medically, and if any of the travelers feel ill they must get out, and they will be afforded medical attendance.

The export of cheese from the United States ten years ago was about 118,000,000 pounds and from Canada 80,000,000. In 1894 Canada exported 154,977,000 pounds and the United States only 73,859,000.

The story of "Enoch Arden," as it stands in the poem, is, in every detail, a true one. It was related to Lord Tennyson by the late Mr. Woolner, the well known sculptor, whose widow has the manuscript of the story.

In New South Wales there are thirty-seven distinct societies, with 818 branches, and a membership of 71,218, or about 204,671 persons, entitled to medical attendance by special arrangement, each member paying only $1 50 a year.

A band of eager, willing members of the Salvation Army will soon leave New York to go South in order to organize work among the colored people in that section of the country. Atlanta will be the first city visited, and headquarters are to be established there.

Rumor has it that Emperor Nicholas will receive a succession of royal and imperial visitors next year. The series will begin with the monarch of Austria-Hungary, who is to arrive at St. Petersburg in January, Emperor William following a few weeks later.

The Hongkong Telegraph says that the fact that Li Hung Chang's coffin, which he carried with him on his trip round the world, was burned in a fire on the steamer Glenarney indicates to the Chinese superstitious mind that the great statesman will reach a very old age.

A debate which has just taken place in the Senate at Paris has disclosed the fact that the Island of Madagascar has already cost France $20,000,000, and will probably cost her at least $5,000,000 a year hereafter, without any hope of the slightest return for a long time to come.

An extraordinary suicide has been reported from Lisburn, near Belfast, where an inmate of the Thompson Consumptive Hospital, named Cowan, was found drowned in a shallow stream, in which, judging from his recumbent position, he must have held his head until he expired.

A Boston man who dines regularly at a prominent hotel was surprised to discover the other day that the waiter whom he has been tipping liberally all along owns five tenement houses in the Hub, all clear of mortgages, and that his tax bill is considerably larger than his patron's.

A burglary, the highest on record, has just been committed in Paris. The thief worked his way up the Eiffel tower and broke open the safes of the theatre and restaurant there. Unfortunately for himself, he also managed to open the room where the liquors were kept, got drunk and fell asleep, where he was found in the morning.

The exact height of Joan of Arc has been determined. By mere chance the famous suit of armor presented to the Maid of Orleans by Charles VII, and which would exactly fit a girl of 5 feet 4 inches, has been found in the galleries of a chateau in Aisne, where it was placed many years ago by the celebrated collector of the late Marquis de Courval.

LINGER, O ROSE.

BY W. W. LORD.

Linger, O rose of the June-time,
Lose not your fragrance, I pray;
Stay with me through the dark hours,
Pass not, sweet rose, away.

Linger, O rose of the June-time,
Flower my lady loves best;
Bloom in the sunshine and showers,
Rose of the fragrant crest.

OF IDOL WORSHIP.

The real idol-worshipping races of the earth are still very numerous, however, most of them being on the many islands in the Pacific Ocean. There are also numbers of them in Africa, particularly along the west coast.

The West African idol is particularly absurd in the matter of proportions. The style common to these natives is an image about three feet high on a horse which would have been better fitted for a figure less than a foot tall. But as most of these idols were carved out of a single piece of wood, with the rudest kind of native tools, the results are not as bad as they might be.

A more common form of idol among these natives is a block of wood fashioned with the very best possible resemblance of the human form and stuck full of nails. These idols come from sections where iron is extremely rare and where a single ton of it is worth its weight five times over in gold. The popularity of this form of idols can always be judged by the number and the size of the nails sticking in it.

The Sandwich Island idols are more picturesque than those of the African savages. A rare style is one consisting only of head and neck and made of feathers. The interior frame is wicker and the covering is of red and yellow feathers. The eyes are mother-of-pearl, with black beads for pupils, and the smile is bordered by a dog's teeth. The whole affair is considerably bigger than the usual human head.

In regard to feathers, it may be of interest to state that the yellow feathers are of a most precious and rare sort. They come from a little bird which the naturalists calls melitreptes pacifica. The little bird has under each wing one single feather and no more, and that only an inch long, so that the work of collecting a sufficient number of these feathers to cover the head of an idol was a gigantic task in itself.

The natives of the Cook or Hervey Islands are great fishermen, and they fix their idols in the bows of their canoes for the purpose of frightening the evil spirits and propitiating the good ones.

These natives are singularly benighted. One of them who was taken aboard an English ship described the vessel, on his return to his friends, as a floating island with two rivers flowing on it and plantations of sugar cane growing on it. The facts in the case were that the ship pumps were being worked at the time, and the water flowing down either side of the deck accounted for the rivers, while large boxes fitted up for the transportation of exotic plants comprised the plantations.

The Solomon Islanders are great idolaters. It may also be added that they are cannibals and head hunters. The flesh of the white man is particularly pleasant to them, but they also dine off each other during wars between rival tribs.

These savages are evil worshippers. They have a belief in the good spirits, living in a pleasant country, whereunto the good are transported after death, the bad being relegated to Bagana, a volcano on one of the islands. They pay no particular tribute to this good spirit, however, because he is supposed incapable of working harm. The evil spirits, on the other hand, can work harm, and to them in consequence, the pious Solomon Islander addresses himself with sacrifices and supplications.

The shark is regarded as a malignant deity of this sort, and offerings are made to it by the natives before they undertake canoe voyages; sometimes these offerings consist of food, sometimes of porpoise teeth, and sometimes of the shells which are used as money.

In the event of a shark having seized a man, who, however, manages to get away from the creature, his companions fling him back into the water to be eaten, lest the shark should be offended.

Here, too, the practice obtains of fishermen attaching idols to their canoes, the idea being, apparently, that the fish will be so charmed with the beauty of the thing as to be attracted and easily caught.

Westward of the Solomon Islands is the island of New Ireland, and the natives here show more artistic ability than any other race of idol worshippers. The New Ireland aboriginal carves his idol out of a single block of wood, but he puts so much work upon it that it looks like merely the framework of some grotesque affair. He also spends much time in staining it with different colors, and the greater variety of colors the more potent it is thought to be.

The Maoris of New Zealand are rapidly becoming Christianized, and there are few idolators among them now. The native religion was based upon a belief in spirits, usually those of departed ancestors, and each family has a number of idols. Infinite pains were taken to mark them in the same way that the originals were tattooed in the flesh, and as the average Maori was tattooed from head to foot, this was a task of considerable dimensions.

The natives of the island of Sumatra are a curious mixture from a religious standpoint. They have idols which they bow down to, and all of these have horns sticking up from the top of the head.

The Sumatran belief is complex. He believes in a supreme ruler, whom he calls Batara Guru; he rules in heaven, and is father of all mankind. Next to him come two other gods, Soripada and Mangola-Bulary, who govern the air and the earth respectively.

Naga-Padoka, a god with three horns, originally supported the earth on the points of the horns, but after a time some catastrophe happened, the earth rolled off, and the water rose over it, covering the whole world. This is plainly the Sumatran tradition of the flood.

In time a daughter of Batara-Guru came down from heaven, but not finding the earth, a mountain was dropped in the water, and in time the earth grew around it again. The religious Sumatran still believes that the earth rests upon the three horns of Naga-Padoka.

Grains of Gold.

The sin of a moment may blight the whole life.

To give and grudge, is no better than not to give at all.

The prompting motive of all cheerful giving must be love.

Beware of the sin whose only defense is that it is highly respectable.

Something is sure to be accomplished by the man who sticks to one thing.

To close our hearts against a brother, is to shut heaven against ourselves.

The only giving that is real giving, is giving that is done according to ability.

Showing our best side to others, will cause them to show their best side to us.

In everything, from praying in public to getting a tooth pulled, self wants to obtain a little distinction for itself.

Beyond all honor or even wealth is the attachment we form to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous, and true is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves.

We are always doing each other injustice, and think better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature.

Femininities.

Visitor: Harry said a good thing last night. Marie: What was it? Visitor: He said he had to go early.

He: Are they engaged or married? She: Married. She dropped her thimble yesterday, and he let her stoop and pick it up.

Miss Mamie Vinzant, a school teacher of Sherlock, Kan., found a nest of rattlesnakes in the school coal-bin and killed eight of them.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which deeds are perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

At Cardigan there is a woman-pilot, who for many years has steered all the sailing-vessels and steamers which enter the river there, to the town.

Aunt Elderly: And I saw—oh, heaven!—a man come out of the bushes, and I ran, and ran—— Tommy (who really ought to be at school): And did you catch him, auntie?

Algy: I don't want you to wash my face! Grandma: Why, I've washed my face three times a day ever since I was a little girl. Algy: Yes; and just see how it's shrunk it!

At Lucon, France, an ancient inn has for its sign "The Four Things to Be Feared," which is the legend under a painting representing a cat, a monkey, a woman and a Judge.

Mother: Why did you accept Charlie from among all the young men who have paid you attention? Daughter: Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose.

Between the ages of five and twenty a woman always calls her mother "Mamma;" from twenty to twenty-five it is "Mother;" after twenty-five it is either "Mama" or "Grandma."

Judge Courtney paid an election bet at Metropolis, Ill., in the presence of 1000 persons, by wheeling Miss Jane Neffager from her home to the post-office, kissing her, and wheeling her back.

Miss Julia Richman, a grammar school principal of New York city, has undertaken the task of teaching mothers to look after their children. Cleanliness occupies a very prominent part in her system.

"I thought, Alice, that you were engaged to Henry Smith, and now I hear that you are going to marry his father!" "That's right, Maude. The old gentleman said he could support only one of us."

When Morocco's Sultan decides to marry the whole country becomes shrouded in gloom, as every subject must contribute a wedding present. The Sultan is now about to take a second wife, and much discontent is reported.

It is reported that the Empress of Russia intends to keep as a souvenir of her visit to France all the bouquets and crowns of flowers offered to her by the French people, and has given orders to have them prepared for preservation.

"Pardon me," said the new boarder, after the others had left the table, "but I'm not up in table etiquette and don't know just how oranges should be eaten." "Very sparingly, sir, very sparingly, at this time of year," answered the thrifty landlady.

"Papa," said a little girl, "what is a millionaire?" The old man was just then examining his wife's millinery bill, and he growled in response to his little daughter's question: "What is a millionaire? Humph! Millionaire, my dear, is a corruption of milliner!"

"I want my second husband," said a charming widow, "to be like a mountain. A mountain you know, may have its summit covered with snow, while it is as warm as summer at its foot. That's my idea, now, of a husband—a man with cool head and warm feet."

"Thirteen young women have died this year on the day named for their wedding." And yet young ladies continue to run the risk of meeting a similar fate. Thirteen is an unlucky number, but it is not safe to assume that these thirteen women were unlucky simply because they died on the day they were to have been married. The contrary may be true. Perhaps their husbands would have made the acquaintance of the flowing bowl, and compelled their wives to make shirts at one dollar a dozen to support their families. A young woman is liable to be overtaken by a worse fate than death.

A prominent writer is of the opinion that the comparative irreligiousness of the masculine sex is to be accounted for by the neglect of the training of boys in childhood. Parents consider it necessary to protect the girls from evil influence; but the same care is not exercised over the boys. Many boys, the writer thinks, might as well have no fathers at all for all the attention they give to their moral training. And again, while there are many parents who make some attempt to guard and train their boys, their efforts are too feeble and fickle to accomplish much good. The result is that boys show an aversion to the Sunday school and then to the church. The conclusion is that if we would have more men at church we must begin early with the boys.

Masculinities.

The man who can see no good in woman is totally depraved.

The girls that work hardest getting up a church social aren't always the ones who wash the dishes at home.

Nothing will get a man mad quicker than to have another person walk over his new patent leather shoes.

Women as a rule judge men by their clothes, just as they judge the quality of cigars by the label on the box.

Miss De Forest Day, of Flushing, L. I., has a gold watch and guard which she has lost six times and recovered every time.

Penny cigars made by the farmers' wives sell freely in Berks county, and the city smoking cars are helping to enlarge their market.

J. E. Tuten detected a negro stealing a salt mullet from his store in Jasper, Florida, last week, and he then forced the thief to eat the fish raw.

Muggins: Is Bjones well informed? Buggins: Yes, indeed; why he actually knows as much as the average young man who has just been graduated from college thinks he knows.

"Do you want a shirt that opens in front or one that opens in the back?" asked the salesman. "Don't keer where it opens," answered Uncle Silas, "so it's got an openin' at the top an' bottom."

She: Major Pommelwell wears three medals. I wonder why they were given him? He: He got the third because he had the other two; the second because he had the first, and the first because he had none at all.

Menelik, the Negus of Abyssinia, has decided to establish a corps of the Red Cross Society in his army. To prove the sincerity of his purpose all Italian army surgeons who were held prisoners by the Abyssinians have been liberated.

The go-without-breakfast cure for dyspepsia, which was originated thirty years ago by a regular physician of good standing in this State, has had a revival within the past eight years in Connecticut, where it is still winning converts.

"Ain't you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one; I can't say that I am. Why do you ask, Daisy?" "Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife always kept you in hot water!"

Young lady: You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear.

Professor von Spieler, hired for the occasion: I play aggompaniments sometimes.

Young lady: Accompaniments to singing?

Professor von Spieler: No—aggompaniments to gonversations.

Architect: This, Mrs. Pahvynew, is the ground plan of the first floor. Here is the hall, there is the drawing-room——

Mrs. Pahvynew: Law, Mr. Shackleford, why not make that room a parlor? We don't need no drawing-room. Not one of the girls kin draw.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four limes or lemons are sliced into the water and allowed to lie for half an hour, in order that the juice may be extracted. A remarkable sense of freshness and cleanliness is given to the skin.

It has recently been discovered that Mine No. 139, at New Straitsville, Ohio, has been burning for the past twelve years. During the great miners' strike at that place in 1884 the mine was abandoned, after having been fired. The coal has been burning all these years, and the fire now threatens adjacent mines.

A boy walked into a London merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a series of questions by the merchant, he was asked:

"Well, my lad, what is your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," he replied; "same as you have on your door—'push.'"

He was engaged.

An ingenious scheme to attract attention to his wares is now being used by a fish dealer in Portland, Oregon. A charged wire is run up through his counter and into a pile of fish labeled: "Electric fish." Any one curious enough to touch the fish with his fingers receives a very perceptible shock, which convinces him that the fish are correctly named.

At Venice when any one dies it is the custom to fix a placard on the front door of the dead person's house, as well as in the neighboring streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth and the illness from which he died, affirming also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian and requesting the prayers of the faithful.

College football is evidently growing too tame. With the consent of Warden Coffin, of the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio, eight students of the Law School of the State University were initiated into a Greek letter fraternity with experiences in the methods of punishment used in the prison, including the ducking tub, the padding machine, the thumb chains and the humming-bird, after being brought to the prison blindfolded in cabs.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The Russian air is now the height of desire in Paris, and as a consequence elsewhere, for what Paris dictates "goes," and Paris is all agog about Russia on account of the visit of the Russian majesties to that capital. Fur is having a tremendous inning. It adorns everything except underwear and is seen in all varieties. It would be difficult to think of a marketable sort of peltry which is not represented. Russian sable is naturally the most desired, but that is always the case because it is the most costly.

Frenchwomen flatter themselves that the close adjacency of fur makes the teeth appear whiter, the lips redder, the eyes more brilliant; but, as a matter of fact, happiness and the consciousness of being pretty and becomingly dressed are the real beautifiers, which will make the plainest face attractive, provided it is not marred by strong and evil passions, which is fortunely seldom the case with women. There are plenty of the so-called gentler sex—it is not always the gentler of the two—who fall in most of the conventional attributes of feminine beauty.

Their eyes are not large, their skin is not soft and clear, their features are not delicately and softly formed, and yet they possess an attractiveness equal in force with that of their fairer sisters. We are apt to count the proverb "Handsome is as handsome does" a Sunday school motto, of little practical force.

But it is a material fact that a sweet and generous spirit, kindly and unselfish, will so illuminate a moderately favored exterior as to make it a formidable rival to pink and white beauties of conventional taste. Human nature is attracted by generosity and amiability, being selfish itself. And if the face bears the stamp of desirable qualities their influence will be perceptibly felt.

A new cut of the straight sack has the body of the garment of Russian green cloth and is slightly curved under the arms. It is double breasted and is fastened with brandebourgs. The novelty consists of the peculiar cut of the yoke, which is of astrakhan and forms long sleeve caps. The garment is bordered with astrakhan, and the sleeves have deep cuffs of the same fur. The astrakhan collar is tall and flaring, protecting the ears.

Flowers are coming to the front at a great rate this winter, not only in millinery, but for decorations for gala attire. More than ever are now shown garnitures of great elaboration to be applied to corsages, and among these are epaulets and bretelles of silk and velvet flowers intermixed with lace and ribbons. Flowers are mingled with fur in collarettes, and entire evening capes are composed of plush and velvet flowers set close together on a foundation and bordered with lace and fur. These are, of course, very expensive and really not more effective than those made of damask and other fabrics.

Hats share the brilliant eccentricity of the season. There is no color so gay, no shape so daring, that fashion will not venture to claim it as her own. Velvet and satin shapes in all shades are lavishly loaded with flowers, feathers, lace, ribbons and spangled trimmings.

There are very high flowerpot crowns and wide, twisted brims. Among the latter is one which flares up squarely away from the face in a plain expanse and diminishes to nothing behind. This is rather bold in effect, but is rendered acceptable by the costliness of the material. What would be bold looking if it cost $3 and a shopgirl wore it is simply pleasingly individual if its price is $50 and it is worn by one of the plutocracy.

Now is the time when no woman admits that she wears a bustle, for only a general deficiency of proportions warrant such an article. Of course bustles, like padding, are always more or less worn, but fashion per se does not demand the one at present any more than it does the other ever.

The typical woman for whom fashion caters is supposed to be well-shaped, and when bustles are decreed it is because a disproportionate amount of back drapery is required by the fad of the moment and everybody recognizes of necessity the fact that it is built upon a foundation of hoops and wires. Now skirts are supposed to fit the natural figure around the top.

The sailor costume continues to be the favorite for very little boys and is worn by them in all its varieties. The regulation long trousers, wide around the feet, are considered the most fashionable. These, made of white goods, with a dark blue jacket and a wide sailor collar, form a picturesque costume for little boys just out of petticoats.

Mother Hubbard gowns, with wide collars of various shapes, much trimmed are the standard attire for little girls from 2 to 6 years old. After this age they may wear skirt and bodice gowns with chemisettes, revers and similar adornments.

Long coats fitted at the back and straight in front will be worn this winter. Redingotes of all kinds, indeed, are in vogue, and whether they are tight or not depends upon individual taste.

Velvet being so fashionable a fabric at present, it is seen in all varieties and colors. Costumes of pale toned velvet are among the richest of the winter wardrobe and the most easily defaced. Light pink blue, mauve, straw and gray velvets compose many elaborate toilets for dinner and evening wear, the decorations being of the most expensive kind. Jeweled and beaded embroidery and lace are considered especially suitable ornaments.

Fur, that much prized trimming, is ubiquitous, adorning outside garments, wrappers, house gowns and reception and evening toilets. It is mixed with gauze, lace and flowers, not to mention ribbons, with which it has always been more or less associated. Effect more or less striking is what is now sought for in dress, and it is usually found, whether for better or worse.

Mention has already been made of the excessive fondness displayed for fur this season. An out of door gown of slate blue cloth is trimmed with mink, a very happy combination of color. The skirt is trimmed with applications of wide and narrow braid, which surround the foot and form quilles on either side of the tablier. The edge of the skirt is bordered with a band of mink fur. The short, close bodice is braided to match the skirt and opens over a vest of white cloth fastened with gold buttons. The bodice has a high, flaring collar mink bordered, the fur extending down each side of the vest. The blue cloth sleeves have puffs draped by braided motifs, and the lower part of the sleeve is also braided. The hat, of beige felt, is trimmed with blue beige changeable ribbon and beige plumes.

Skirts without trains are seen on ball gowns intended for persons who dance. The circumference of the skirt is less than it was a year ago, all the fullness being kept at the back and the front and sides being plain. For gowns of light goods 3½ yards is considered sufficient width for the lower skirt of satin or silk, the gauze one being about 4½ yards around.

Skirts of moire or large figured materials have generally a train more or less long. The train is longest immediately at the back, the semipointed effect being preferred.

Less rigid stiffening and not so much of it is employed for skirts. Nevertheless a facing of crinoline is still necessary to fashion, although it is not more than nine or ten inches deep at most. It must, of course, follow the shape of the skirt, not by being folded to fit the curve, but by being cut to the proper form and applied flat. If the skirt has a train, the latter ought to be lined throughout with light haircloth—that is, the entire part that rests on the floor and the lower part of the back breadths of the skirt.

When the gown is of gauze or other thin material, the stiffening intended to sustain it is placed in the lower skirt, of satin, over which the thin goods fall. The crinoline facing may be a little wider in this case, since gauze and similar fabrics have no body.

It is not necessary to mention the obvious fact that sleeves are much less voluminous than they were 12 months ago.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Stuffed Potatoes.—Peel and wash some smooth, rather large potatoes; scoop out quite a third of them from the middle. Fill up the hollow with a savory mince of meat in thick gravy. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the top. Lay them in a baking pan with a little nice dripping, and bake for upwards of an hour.

Turnips in White Sauce.—Pare them, boil in salted water until quite tender, then drain and cover with a white sauce made with milk and a little butter, season it rather highly, and sprinkle minced parsley over the top of the dish.

To Dry Alum Leaves, etc.—Hang them with the cut stalks uppermost, and after two days take them down and dip them in a solution of size and water, then hang them up again to get perfectly dry.

Bramble and beech leaves make a beautiful winter decoration for table and flower vases. All grasses and rushes should be dried with the heads downwards, as this sends the sap into the leaves and flowers.

An Apple Salad.—Pare and core, then slice thinly and evenly some ripe, juicy apples; let the salad bowl be quite half filled. Cut very finely some candied ginger and sprinkle it over the apples. Let a small pot of red currant jelly stand in a warm place until it is melted, add to it the juice of half a fresh lemon, or a whole one if small, pour this over the fruit and stir well about, then leave it to settle. Three cents worth of cream poured over the top just before serving is a great improvement to the salad.

A Simple White Soup.—Three large potatoes, two turnips, a parsnip, and two white onions, all to be boiled together until tender enough to rub through a colander. To the puree obtained from these add a seasoning of pepper, celery-salt and pinch of mace, a teacupful of fine white bread-crumbs, and a pint and a half of boiling milk. Stir over the fire until this boils, and if too thick add a little boiling water.

Pastry Sandwiches.—Roll out very thinly some light short pastry, lay one sheet on a greased baking tin, spread it with nice jam without stones, then lay another sheet of pastry over this; cut the edges evenly. Brush over with a little dissolved butter and sprinkle with castor sugar before the tin goes into the oven. Bake quickly to a bright brown. Cut in finger lengths or squares.

King John's Dumplings.—Roll pastry out in a sheet, but not too thinly. Pare and core some good cooking apples, place them on the pastry at equal distances, fill the centre cavities with brown sugar, cut a round of pastry large enough to wrap the apples in, fold them up, making neat balls, and bake on a tin in a quick oven. Grate sugar over them.

Vegetable Marrow Soup.—Pare a ripe marrow, split it down lengthwise, removing all the seedy part; cut across into small pieces, and place them in a stewpan, with sufficient water to well cover them, and a small piece of butter. Stew until the marrow is perfectly tender, then rub it through a colander, season with pepper and celery-salt, return to the stewpan and add the yolks of two eggs beaten with a pint of milk. Stir until it reaches boiling-point, then at once pour into a tureen. This should be like a smooth custard.

Danish "Grod."—Stew currants, raspberries or blackberries, and rub the fruit through a sieve. To the pulp and juice add sugar enough to sweeten well, and to a pint of juice add three dessertspoonfuls of ground rice. Boil all together over the fire for ten minutes; if too stiff add a little water. Remove and stir in a teacupful of cream, pour into a wetted mould, and turn out when quite cold, serving cream or custard with it.

When fresh fruit is not to be had, a jar of jam, dissolved with a little water and then strained, may be substituted for it.

This, like the pudding which precedes it, is an excellent sweet for the nursery-table.

Cistra Cakes, for Tea.—A little good puff paste is needed for these, and if too troublesome to make at home it is not more expensive to buy half a pound at the baker's. Roll out to half an inch thick, cut in small rounds and press a hollow in the centre. Put a small teaspoonful of the following mixture in the middle and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, taking care they do not brown too quickly.

For the mixture take an ounce of fresh butter, two dessertspoonfuls of ground almonds, a drop of the essence, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a dessertspoonful of sugar. Mix thoroughly together.

A delicious potato tea cake may be made from the remains of cold mashed potato by rubbing them with an equal quantity of flour, a quarter as much butter, and a good pinch of salt and baking powder. Mix to a rather stiff paste with one or two beaten eggs, roll out to an inch thick, cut in rounds or triangles; brush over with egg and milk, and bake in a brisk but not too hot oven.

A pie may be made very similarly, using a pie-dish and covering with a nice flaky pastry crust. Cook the potatoes before putting on the crust.

Chelsea Pudding and Sauce.—Chop very finely two ounces of best beef suet, rub it into four ounces of flour, add half a teaspoonful of good baking-powder, a pinch of salt, and two ounces of castor sugar. Mix all together, then make into a thick batter with one egg (whisked), a teacupful of milk, and a drop or two of almond or lemon flavoring. Dissolve some butter in a tin pudding mould, coat the sides well with it, then sprinkle the bottom and sides with the best sugar. Pour in the pudding mixture; bake in a moderate oven for upwards of an hour. Turn out.

For the sauce: Dissolve two or three tablespoonfuls of plum or currant jam, with an equal quantity of water and a few lumps of sugar, let it boil well, then strain through a strainer and pour over and around the pudding.

Potage Parmentier.—Whether this soup was known before Parmentier's day we cannot tell, but he claims to be the first to bring it to perfection.

The potatoes must be of a dry, flowery kind and white color.

Peel and boil until tender four or five large ones, crush them down in the same water, then rub all through a sieve; frizzle a spoonful of finely minced onion in a little butter, but do not let it brown; when done add it to the potato puree, and with it a tablespoonful of potato flour wetted with milk. Season with pepper and salt. Add sufficient clear veal stock to bring up to the required quantity of soup, or failing that use new milk. Let the soup boil for a minute, stirring constantly; just before pouring into the tureen stir in very carefully the beaten yolk of an egg and a spoonful of thick cream mixed together.

Is soap bad for the hair, and if so, how should the hair be cleaned?—The constant use of some soap for the hair is undoubtedly harmful as it splits and decolorizes it. The best method of washing the hair is with the yolk of an egg, or with diluted glycerine or carbolic acid; whichever substance is used, the head must be washed free from it with warm water. If carbolic acid is used, a solution of one in eighty is about the best strength, and great care should be taken that it does not get into the eyes. It is extremely important that the head should be thoroughly dried, and the hair left down for at least an hour after washing it. Long hair should not be washed too often, otherwise it becomes thin and colorless.

R R R
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES AND PREVENTS

COLDS COUGHS SORE THROAT INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS PNEUMONIA SWELLING OF THE JOINTS. LUMBAGO. INFLAMMATIONS

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

FROSTBITES CHILBLAINS, HEADACHE TOOTHACHE ASTHMA

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain. Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest, or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A few to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Biliousness,
Indigestion,
Dyspepsia,
Constipation
And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Recent Book Issues.

"The City of Refuge" is a new novel by the famous author Sir Walter Besant. The scene and personages are laid partly in this country and partly in England. It is a weirdly dramatic story of love and crime marked throughout by the rich invention, the strong characters, and original interest of this eminent writer. The title arises from a singular community in the Empire State where the chief actor in the book works out its ultimate results. It is a volume that will plenteously repay reading. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Pocket Magazine for December contains interesting original contributions by Sarah Orne Jewett, Will Carleton and other eminent writers. Published by the F. A. Stokes Company, New York.

The Christmas number of St. Nicholas is full from cover to cover of the holiday spirit. The frontispiece is from a painting by Toudouse, and is accompanied by a poem by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, "As They Danced Them a Measure on Christmas Night." Edwin S. Wallace contributes a paper on "Christmas in Bethlehem," which gives a description of the midnight service in the Church of the Nativity. Published at New York.

"Appletons' Popular Science Monthly" for December contains: "Principles of Taxation," "The Relations of Biology, Psychology, and Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "Botanic Gardens," illustrated; "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture," by Andrew D. White; "The So called California 'Diggers,'" illustrated; "Possession and Mediumship," "Idiots Savants," "The Border Land of Tramp-dom" and other valuable matter. Published at New York.

The December Century continues to emphasize the Christmas traditions of this magazine, not only by papers and poems bearing directly upon the Christian festival, but by others breathing the spirit of the common human feelings. The frontispiece of the number is a "Study for the Head of Christ" from the painting of "The Last Supper" by Dagnan-Bouveret. The Century Co., New York.

The complete novel in the December issue of Lippincott's is "The Chase of an Heiress," by Charles Reid. The scene is in Santa Domingo, a region hitherto unfamiliar to fiction. There are a number of miscellaneous articles, short stories, poetry, etc., all by leading writers of the day. Published in this city.

His Disappointment.

BY S. U. W.

"GOOD-BYE, dear; do try and get home as early as you can. It is so dull being here all day alone without a soul to speak to. I shall go round to Mrs. Archer this morning, and have a chat with her, I think. And perhaps Mrs. Milton will come and have tea with me in the afternoon."

She talked him out of the dining-room when he rose from his half-finished breakfast; she talked him down the hall to the front door, while he took his hat and stick and tried to make his escape; and as he walked down the street her voice still followed him and rang in his ears.

Two years ago Jack Trevor had married Norah Blake. It had been a love-match on both sides. Norah's bright vivacity and charming prattle had fascinated the rather grave and serious Jack.

Before the honeymoon was over, the charming prattle had palled upon him. He loved Norah as much as ever, she was such a pretty, sweet-tempered, loving little woman, but he began to dread the sound of her voice.

A little later it got upon his nerves. Now he listened to her ceaseless chatter with an irritation that seemed to grow every day more unbearable. He walked down to the Underground Station in a very fever of impatience.

"I believe she will drive me mad. Upon my word I don't believe I can bear it any longer. Have all women got tongues like that, I wonder?" he thought, as he walked restlessly up and down the platform waiting for his train to come in. So thinking, he remembered a funny little story he had once read in a volume of Rabelais. A man had a wife who was tongue-tied and dumb. Getting tired of her eternal silence, he took her to a doctor.

The doctor cut the bridle of her tongue, and so gave her speech. When he got her home again, she used her newly acquired faculty to such a purpose that her husband very soon took her back to the doctor and begged him to restore her dumbness.

"We have means of making a woman speak," said the doctor, "but there is nothing in the world can make her hold her tongue. 'Nothing for tongue-holding,'" Jack repeated to himself, and he laughed drearily.

The train came rushing and roaring up to the platform. As he turned the handle of a carriage door, a young girl came hurrying up. He held the door open for her to pass in first; she acknowledged his courtesy with a silent inclination of her head; he got in after her and shut the door. She was quietly dressed, not exactly pretty, but with an air of gentle distinction about her.

As they rushed into the tunnel, she tried to shut the window at her end of the carriage; he rose and did it for her, and again she smiled her voiceless thanks. He glanced at her from time to time as she sat quiet and self-possessed in her corner, and a pleasant sense of repose and comfort stole over him.

At the fourth station she prepared to get out; he opened the door for her, and a third time she thanked him silently by a graceful gesture.

He regretted her departure with a quite disproportionate regret. A silent woman! What an unutterable solace there was in her presence! How reserved and gentle she had looked with that charm of silence enveloping her. How delicate was the beautiful mouth that could smile without speaking.

He thought of her with a tender regret all that day at his office and forgot some of the nervous irritability that of late had cursed him.

As late as he decently could he went home that evening and became again submerged under the ceaseless flow of his wife's chatter. He had to listen to every word Mrs. Archer had said and to Norah's comments thereon; to every detail of Mrs. Milton's conversation; to every peccadillo of the servants; to every infinitesimal incident of the day from the moment of his departure to his return.

He tried to keep the image of that quiet young girl in the train before his mind's eye as a sort of shield against his growing weariness and irritation.

As he walked on to the platform next morning, he saw the girl there before him. His heart gave a great throb and then almost stood still. In his joy and surprise he almost took off his hat to her in greeting. Again he opened the carriage door for her, again he sat in her silent presence with a great rest upon him that was almost reverence.

All that day too the delicious calm of her presence abode with him at his office, followed him home, even made his wife's chatter a shade more endurable.

On the third morning he hastened down to the station full of the thought of meeting the fair unknown. She was not there. He waited till the very last moment holding open the carriage door ready for her in case she should be late, finally letting the train go on without him.

He paced the platform debating with himself whether if she did not come he should miss yet another train, or give her up for that day.

One moment he felt sure she would come, the next he thought despairingly that he should never see her again, that he had lost her for ever.

Just as the train came in she hurried on to the platform, a little flushed, a little moved out of her wonted sweet calm. She looked at him with a pleasant air of recognition as they took their places.

They had the carriage to themselves as usual. He sat there his mind filled with an ineffable peace, too well content even to regret that their parting was so near. Looking at her quiet face he thought he read in it a wise and strong soul, a mind full of high thoughts and noble aims lifted far above the pretty wearing details of ordinary life.

"Consuelo," he called her in his own mind, his consolation, his pure and divine Consuelo. He did not want to hear her beautiful thoughts, to have her lovely soul poured out to him in words. It was enough for him to read them all on her thoughtful brow and in her faint subtle smile. Day by day he idealized her more and more. One evening he saw Consuelo at a concert. He had taken his wife there as he sometimes did; she was sitting beside him very gay and pretty and charmingly dressed, while he listened to the music that in every note spoke to him of Consuelo, when suddenly two or three seats in front of him he saw her.

She had an elderly lady with her to whom through all the concert she never spoke one word. Even if Jack had guessed what was indeed the truth, that Consuelo's poor old chaperon was stone deaf, he would not have accepted that as the reason of his lady's divine silence. The exquisite calm that always came upon him in her presence enwrapped him now. The music spoke to his soul of all the beautiful and true and tender thoughts that dwelt in her, behind those quiet eyes.

The next morning for the first time he missed her. He waited, letting three trains go without him, then with a sickening heart went on his solitary way to the city. He had never expected this.

Never for one moment had he feared that Consuelo would pass out of his life. It had seemed to him that those few sweet moments every morning were as certain, as much to be depended on as the rising of the sun, as his own daily awakening and return to mundane affairs.

Next morning he waited several hours at the station, hoping against hope that he should see his Consuelo again. But she never came.

* * * * * *

Two years dragged their slow length away. Norah's busy tongue was silent where she lay in her grass grown grave with her baby beside her.

How much of disappointment and heart-break had lain in the last year of her short married life none can tell. It might be there were some things on which even she could keep silence.

Jack had been alone a year when he again met his Consuelo. This time it was in a fashionable crowded drawing-room at an evening party. She was standing quite near the door when he went in. Seeing their start of mutual recognition their hostess remarked—

"I think you know Mr. Trevor, Mabel?"

Consuelo smiled up into his face with all the old charm.

"Do you remember how often we travelled together in the underground?" he asked, scarcely conscious what he was saying, filled with rapture at the sight of her.

"Oh yes! And I did so want to talk to you, only of course I could not begin first. It seemed such a waste of time to be sitting there opposite each other every morning and never saying a word. I am glad we are introduced to each other at last."

He cast upon her a curious glance.

"You really wanted to talk?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Of course. You know there is nothing a woman hates so much as to hold her tongue."

He bowed to her, unable to utter another word, and turned away with a greater bitterness of disappointment and despair in his heart than his life had ever yet known.

BREAKING PLEDGES.—A perusal of some reports of breach of promise cases brings to light some curious reasons why men break their pledges. One unhappy defendant pleaded his extreme nervousness as an explanation of his non-appearance at the church at which the wedding was to take place; another had discovered that his great grandfather had died in a lunatic asylum; a third felt compelled to consult the wishes of his mother in the matter; a fourth could not overcome his objection to the "careless walk" of the lady; and the fifth was annoyed because exception was taken to his style of correspondence. The construction of the letters of this lover was certainly not beyond reproach. Here is a specimen: "Dearest Love—First I must apologise for not writing before; second, I thank you for your letter; third, I have no time; fourth, I hope you are still well; fifth, I am glad you are enjoying yourself; sixth, I cannot come to town, I am so busy."

A FEAST OF FUN---FREE

THE ONLY PEEK OF MARK TWAIN'S HUMOR

SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA

BY

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE

(MARIETTA HOLLY)

100,000 SOLD at $2.50 Per Copy

FREE To Every Subscriber

Read this Extract from the Book:

And right here, let me insert this one word of wisdom for the special comfort of my sect, and yet it is one that may well be laid to heart by the more opposite one. If your pardner gets restless and uneasy and middlin' cross, as pardners will be anon, or even oftener—start them off on a tower. A tower will in 9 cases out of 10 lift 'em out of their uneasiness, their restlessness and their crossness.

Why I have known a short tower to Slab City or Loontown act like a charm on my pardner, when crossness was in his mean and snappishness was present with him. I HAVE KNOWN HIM TO SET OFF WITH THE MEAN OF A LION AND COME BACK WITH THE LINIMENT OF A LAMB.

And jest the prospect of a tower ahead is a great help to a woman in rulin' and keepin' a pardner straight. Somehow jest the thought of a tower sort of lifts him up in mind, and happifys him, and makes him easier to quell, and pardners must be quelled at times, else there would be no livin' with 'em.

She takes off FOLLIES, FLIRTATIONS, LOW-NECKED DRESSING, DUDES, PUG DOGS, TOBOGGANING, etc.

OPINIONS OF NOTED CRITICS.

"Exceedingly amusing."—Rose E. Cleveland. "Delicious Humor."—Will Carleton. "So excruciatingly funny, we had to sit back and laugh until the tears came."—Saturday Evening Post. "Unquestionably her best."—Detroit Free Press. "Bitterest satire, coated with the sweetest of exhilarating fun."—Bishop Newman.

FREE!------Our Great Offer------FREE!

$10 000 CASH was paid for the copyright of this work, and until recently it was sold at $2.50. It is nicely bound, printed from new type, and on fine paper, and is richly illustrated with a number of humorous pictures by some of the best artists in the country.

Our Offer While the SATURDAY EVENING POST for one year is only $2.00 and while a great many thousands of "SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA" have been sold at $2.50 per copy, yet by a lucky turn of events we are enabled to and will (FOR A LIMITED PERIOD) mail, postage paid, a copy of this wonderfully funny book ABSOLUTELY FREE to every person sending us $2.00 for one year's subscription to the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Old subscribers sending for another year's subscription will also receive the book. If you want it send AT ONCE.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

'Tis not because of heavy purse
That all my days are filled with cheer,
But what inspires this gladsome verse
Is that the scrapple season's near.

A bawl room—The nursery.

Burning words—Fire in a book store.

A small country seat—The milking-stool.

The aeronaut is quite taken up with his profession.

Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort give us an easy boot.

Certain to feel put out—Persons ejected from a public meeting.

If sixteen drachms make one ounce, how many drachms will destroy all scruples?

"My son, you ask who or what a 'nobody' is. Well, my dear boy, a 'nobody' is a prominent woman's husband."

Gum-arabic dissolved in whisky will keep the hair curled in damp weather. A little sugar dissolved in it has the same effect on the legs.

A.: I hear that our friend X. has gone to South America. Was it upon his physician's advice?

B.: No; his lawyer's.

A priest asked of a condemned criminal in a Paris jail: "What kind of a conscience have you?"

"It is as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

Little Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The punishment being over:

"Papa," he sobs, in tones of anguish, "how could you marry such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

Parson, to ne'er-do-well: What's this I hear, Giles—that your wife has left you? Ah, this is what I—

Giles: She might do worse than that, sir.

Parson, shocked: Worse?

Giles: She might come back again.

She: Yes, I had dear baby's photograph taken this afternoon—instantaneous, you know.

He: Really? How long were you at the photographer's?

She: Oh! about four hours and a half.

"You are worth your weight in gold to me, darling!" he murmured.

"Then do go home early, George, dear," she replied, wearily. "I've lost ten pounds since we became engaged, just sitting up late with you. We can't afford such extravagance."

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. Whereupon some one wickedly observed that it is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

An old citizen in a country village being asked for a subscription towards repairing the fence of the graveyard, declined, saying:

"I subscribed towards improvin' that burying ground nigh unto forty years ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet!"

"Miss Cayenne complimented you very highly after you told that story at the dinner table," remarked one young man.

"She liked that story, did she?"

"No. But she thought it illustrated a very admirable trait in your character. It showed that you never go back on an old friend."

Miss Lucy, stopping opposite fireplace: Here's where you and I are to sit, major.

The major: By Jove, it's rather warm place.

Miss Lucy: What! you a major, and can't stand fire?

The major: Not at my back, you know, Miss Lucy.

Fifth form boy: Please, I want a pair of gloves.

Gentleman's outfitter: Kid gloves?

Fifth form boy: No, no. Gloves for grown-up people!

Editor, to applicant for situation: But I advertised for an office boy and you are a man of six feet.

Applicant: I know, sir; but I am literally starving, and would be quite willing to do an office boy's work for office boy's pay.

Editor: No, I'm afraid you won't do. You see, I am a very bad tempered man, and am in the habit of venting my spite on my office boy by kicking and cuffing him, and I should be frightened to try it on with a six-footer.

"Why was Adam the happiest man that ever lived?" roared the gigantic clown to the ringmaster in the faded dress suit.

"Why was Adam the happiest man that ever lived?" roared the latter, in a voice like a tired horn. "Because he had no mother-in-law."

"I knew it," said the thin man in the top row of the reserved seats, as he allowed his feet to hang down between the boards in order to get the kink out of them. "I came to the circus expecting to hear that joke—that moss-grown gag—and I have not been disappointed. It's forty years since I attended my first circus, and I heard it then. I have heard it at every circus I have since attended, and have never missed going at least once a year."

THE HAND OF FATE.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

So the poet assures us. And from the annals of evil doing some remarkable instances can be culled of dark deeds which trifles have prevented; of plots that Providence has, in the nick of time, turned aside.

"There was the thickness of a penny-piece between him and death," so commented the judge in a case heard not long ago. A journeyman leather worker, coming to little fortune, resolved upon a holiday. He desired to visit a distant town, and, being of a thrifty disposition, he elected to walk there.

On the way he fell in with a tramp, and the latter proving a genial sort of companion, he proceeded with him to a village on the route.

Refreshments being indulged in, by closing time the pair were too intoxicated to seek for a bed; and so, after roaming about for some time, they stretched themselves out under a hay-stack.

By-and-by the befuddled leather-worker was awakened by feeling a hand fumbling in his pocket. With difficulty he aroused himself. Calling to his companion, he was answered but by a snore.

Suspicious, but too drowsy to get up, he proceeded silently to distribute the money he carried into his various pockets, and had hardly sunk to rest again, when a terrific blow on the chest suddenly sobered him.

In the darkness the tramp was making off, leaving a clasp knife with the point of its blade imbedded in a penny, which, but a minute before, the intended victim had placed in the watch pocket of his waistcoat.

Not long since, at the lynching of a suspected negro murderer in the West, a spectator armed with a gun, losing control of himself at the sight of the miscreant, fired at him just as he was hoisted into the air.

The shot, missing the man, cut through the rope by which he was suspended, and he fell down amidst the crowd. Ere the rope could be spliced together again, news arrived that the real murderer had given himself up, and the life of the innocent darky was saved.

The owner of a large mansion in the provinces was aroused from his sleep one night by hearing a loud noise downstairs.

Rousing his servants, he proceeded to search the premises, and soon discovered, crouching in a corner, a stalwart burglar more dead with fright than alive.

When the lights were turned up, the man gave an exclamation of surprise; and it was afterwards found that, stealing stealthily across the drawing room, he had in the gloom been horrified to perceive the figure of a man creeping along beside him.

He stopped, and the phantom stopped too without a sound. Terror seized the wrongdoer, and he roared for mercy—to what was in reality his own reflection in a large mirror, just purchased, and resting on the door pending being put into position.

Almost incredible appears the following. A clerk in a colonial bank, working late all by himself, was one evening surprised by a masked and armed robber.

Refusing to give up the keys, the intruder closed with him, and as they struggled an accomplice down below, hearing the noise, turned off the gas at the meter and decamped.

The clerk, a weaker man than his assailant, was forced to the ground; and then, as he continued to shout for help, his antagonist held a revolver close to his temple and fired. But the cartridge did not explode.

A wood penholder carried in the clerk's ear had come in the way. The hammer of the revolver fell upon it. Fearful of assistance arriving, the robber dropped his weapon and fled, only to be laid by the heels on reaching the street.

Sand falling from a balloon on to an attic sky-light once aroused a man just in time to ward off a murderous attack on his life.

A party of desperadoes, who in order to "hold up" a mail train, had greased the rails on a steep incline that ran through a cutting, were defeated by the bank giving way as two of their number stood waiting at the brink ready to fire if necessary on the driver of the locomotive below.

The earth thus thrown on to the rails enabled the engine to just keep going till the top of the rise was reached.

A banana rind once averted an explosion planned by anarchists. Proceeding on a fete day to the spot selected, the man who was carrying the bomb slipped on the piece of fruit-skin, falling with such force that the projectile at once exploded and he was the only person killed.

A PAIR OF BOOTS.—A certain politician was once at a loss how to provide himself with a new pair of understandings, for bootmakers, in common with other tradesmen, absolutely refused him further credit. Eventually he hit upon an ingenious expedient.

Going to one bootmaker, he ordered a pair of boots, to be paid for on delivery, and then, entering another shop, ordered a similar pair, to be paid for in similar fashion.

When the first pair of boots come home, the politician tried them on in the hall, and, finding that the right boot was a misfit, he sent it back to the shop for a slight alteration.

When the second pair arrived he found fault with the left boot, and it likewise was sent back for alteration. He thus retained a pair of boots. In each case the messenger had been intructed not to leave the boots unless he received the money for them; but he imagined naturally enough that there was no harm in leaving one boot.

RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

DOLLARD & CO.,

TOUPEE

1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

WIG

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GO SAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC HAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 22, '96. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.

1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

...FARMING...
LANDS
FOR SALE CHEAP ON THE "Soo" Railway

TIMBERED LANDS in WISCONSIN and MICHIGAN.
PRAIRIE LANDS in MINNESOTA and NORTH DAKOTA.
FREE HOMESTEADS
on Government Lands in North Dakota.
LIGNITE COAL, mined on the "Soo" Ry., sold at our stations at $2.00 to $3.25 per ton.
HALF FARES For Home Seekers and Settlers.
HALF RATES on Household Goods, Tools, Teams and Farm Stock.

ILLUSTRATED LAND PRIMERS Nos 21, 22 and 44, mailed FREE to any address.

Address, T. I. HURD,
Land and Industrial Agent,
"Soo" Railway, Minneapolis, Minn.

Phila. and Reading Ry.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

On and after November 15, 1896.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily 9.00 a m	5.00 p.m.
Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express For Buffalo, (Parlor Car)	Week-days, 12.30 p m	
Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars,	daily, 8.00 p m	
	daily, 9.45 p m	4.00 a.m.

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.05 night. Sundays—8.30, 9.30, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.35, 5.10, 6.10 (dining car) p m, 12.05 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.00, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.05, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.58 p m. Sunday 4.40 a m 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.58 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 8.05, 9.45 p m. Sundays—4.25, 8.35, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 8.00, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom. 4.30, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00, 11.35 a m, 8.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 8.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom. 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 a m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 8.15 p m.

For Gettysburg, 8.35, 10.10 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 5.37, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.00 a m, 8.15 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.05, 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.10 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 am. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY.

9.45 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.00 a m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 1006 Chestnut street, 609 S. Third street, 1661 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

THE CROWN

PIANOS AND ORGANS

Were Awarded FOUR MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS, also chosen for 32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Twenty Medals and Diplomas were taken by makers of the raw materials used by me in constructing the Crowns.

The Crown is the only Piano which contains the Wonderful Orchestral Attachment and Practice Clavier, the greatest invention of the age and by the use of which you can imitate perfectly the Harp, Zither, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Clavicord, Dulcimer, Spinet, Harpsichord, Music Box, Autoharp, Bag Pipe, Etc.

THE CROWN IS THE ONLY PIANO WORTH $1000.00 MORE THAN IT COSTS.

The illustrated Souvenir Catalogue, telling the whole story, sent free. Ask for it.

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer,
243-253 Washington Boul., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Don't buy a Piano or Organ until you hear and examine a "Crown" and get prices.

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, say "Way Down on the Swanee River," either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC, IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE.

By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.